



오크지만 찬양해

이정민
판타지 장편소설

1

몬스터

Praise the Orc!

– 오크지만 찬양해! –

- Volume 7 -

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[Rainbow Turtle | Wuxiaworld]

CHAPTER 151

RAIN IS COMING

The rain fell down in droves, relentlessly striking the umbrellas.

Ian tilted his umbrella and looked up at the sky. A steady stream of water poured out from the gray sky. Suddenly, the sound of music was heard from a store. It had a catchy melody. He didn't know whose song it was, but it was sung by a familiar voice he heard often. The singer was singing about a goodbye in a melancholy tone.

Students ran splashing through the water. Ian's feet were wet. He looked down at his wet feet. The neon signs were reflected on the surface of the puddles and the sound of laughter from distant children overlapped with the rain.

Ian shook his head.

Gloomy thoughts filled his head. This wasn't good.

Ian tried to clear his mind.

"What are you doing? You look miserable." A voice broke through Ian's thoughts. He looked back and saw Yiyu. She was smiling at him from under her colorful umbrella.

"Hello..."

Yiyu was with Yoon Bora. Yoon Bora bowed awkwardly as Ian greeted her lightly.

"Was Oppa waiting long?"

"Yes. I waited a long time."

"Well, that might be the case. Bora was the one who made me late. Isn't that right?"

"No, you..."

"Right."

"Hey! Oppa, Yiyu is falsely blaming me."

“Be quiet.”

Ian smiled as he glanced at the two of them and asked, “Okay, what do you want to eat?”

“I was thinking about it. I got over 900 points, so shouldn’t it be 90,000 won per person?”

“.....”

“Didn’t you say don’t worry about the price?”

Yoon Bora poked Yiyu’s side, who shrugged.

Today was the day when Yiyu received her TOEIC score. On the day of the exam, Yiyu had suggested this if she got the score that she was aiming for, and Ian had accepted without thinking. Her target score was quite high so he internally thought it would be difficult. But she was quite good at languages and eventually got the score she was aiming for. Yoon Bora, who took the test with her, decided to accompany her.

Ian smiled and said, “Yes, then let’s go somewhere expensive. At least 90,000 won.”

“Uh... um...”

She didn’t know a place that was so expensive. How could a student living off pocket money suddenly think about expensive food? At best, only the tuna that Han Yeori liked came to mind. However, Yiyu didn’t like eating raw fish when it was raining.

“So...” Yiyu looked at Yoon Bora, as if urging her to say something. But Yoon Bora shook her head. She didn’t know anything about expensive food.

Yiyu struggled for a moment before opening her mouth, “B-Beef?”

“.....”

Ian looked at her with raised eyebrows.

“W-What?”

“Just follow me. Bora-ssi, do you have anywhere you want to go?”

“No. Everything is good. Oh, if you just...”

“Is that so?”

“Ah, where are we going?!” Yiyu cried out impatiently.

“You just have to follow me.” Ian led them as he headed to the restaurant that he ate at with Ji Hayeon. He hadn’t driven his car so they took a taxi. The employees remembered him from when he came with Ji Hayeon and treated him deferentially.

Ian refused to be served directly by the manager. An employee escorted him to a private room. Ian naturally ordered the course dishes. Various dishes came out as Yiyu nagged at him. Ian and Yiyu tasted the food, talked and laughed at jokes.

Then a voice popped into Ian’s head.

‘Viva Alaste!’

The lively laughter of Alaste was overlaid over Yiyu and Yoon Bora’s voices. He recalled the shrimp dish that had been served to him by Alaste’s best chef. The sweet and sour taste of the shrimp made him constantly eat it, leaving him with a bucket of shrimp shells.

“Oppa?”

“Huh?”

“Are you okay? You don’t look good.”

“I’m just a little tired.”

He smiled. Yiyu turned from Ian towards Yoon Bora. During their conversation, Ian frowned.

It was rare for him. He rarely looked back on the past. It was because the weight of the things he had done was so heavy it was difficult for him to raise his head. Therefore, he decided to look ahead instead of dwelling on it.

However, today his thoughts turned towards the past.

Why?

Vigo's face as he laughed and bragged about Alaste entered Ian's mind. When he closed his eyes to shake it off, he could see the barbecue ribs cooked at the festival. The people shared the barbecue with him and praised him as a hero.

Now they were no longer there. Everyone he knew in Alaste had died.

That fact weighed on him. He knew that it wasn't a game, but living beings from a real world. Ian suppressed his emotions. Death was one-sided and couldn't be reversed.

Ian closed his eyes, feeling both grief and regret. He had been too naive. If he had stayed a little longer in Alaste, he could've stopped them. He shouldn't have thought about anything else until he pulled out the seed of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

Regret led to a more distant past. A memory from a previous battlefield came to mind. The faces of those he couldn't see anymore.

"Oppa?"

"Wait." Ian stood up. His face was pale. "I need to quickly go to the bathroom."

"Uhh..."

Ian opened the door and left. The manager was surprised at Ian's complexion. Ian just smiled and left the restaurant.

It was still raining. Ian leaned his head against the wall of the building. The landscape of the world melted into the rain.

"Why...?"

Even if he closed his eyes, he couldn't erase their faces in the darkness. Ian stared at the street through blurry eyes. He remembered his deceased comrades. He felt enough sadness at their funerals, so there was no reason to be shaken now.

Nevertheless, their faces were so scary because they eventually led him to one face in the darkness. He had to see her. Ian bit his lips and opened his eyes.

"Crazy..."

Yes, Elder Lord was a real world. The knowledge of that fact might break him. He was tired of seeing people die. No one knew that he was fighting for them as they kept swinging their weapons without a sense of guilt. It was a meaningless resistance. Just.

‘Raven, I was wrong.’

Ian’s eyelids drooped.

‘Go.’

It was her last gesture to him.

What type of expression was he making at that time? He wondered if he was looking at her with a resolute face, determined to never abandon her. He didn’t think so. Maybe there was some hypocrisy mixed in with regret and sorrow, or a condescending expression as he retreated.

He didn’t know. Shortly after she gestured, a shell flew into her body and Ian was staring stiffly at flesh and guts. Her laughing face as she held an assault rifle could no longer be seen. Her death was no different from the other deaths.

Ian instinctively reached into his pocket, an old habit. He had no cigarettes. He removed his hand from his pocket and raised it to his face. He desperately tried to block the memories, but they kept clinging to him.

Maybe, if he had moved a little faster. If only he performed the operation properly.

Perhaps he did. He built meaningless assumptions and talked nonsense. The memories of that day repeated against his will.

Go, go, go. Explosion, explosion, explosion. His expression, expression, expression.

Ian slammed his fist against the wall.

Alaste, Alaste, Alaste.

Pain spread. He took a deep breath. Ian grabbed one of his injured hands before heading back to the restaurant and handing over his card.

“Something happened... please tell my companions that I am leaving first.”



Han Yeori switched off the last light.

The sound of a broadcast was heard from her phone that she had unknowingly left on.

–The Heaven and Earth Clan had issued a statement about the broken agreement. They defended themselves by saying it couldn't be helped because they were ordered by the emperor. They are playing as the emperor's vassals and it is a game, so the users of the Alaste Love club should understand since they are also roleplaying...

She suddenly turned her head. She felt a haunting feeling. The cafe was clearly empty. She tilted her head. Then she was shocked to see something moving in the darkness.

"Hah." She froze before frowning, as she realized that the silhouette belonged to a familiar person.

Then she looked again. He must have a reason for doing this.

"Boss-nim."

Ian didn't answer. Han Yeori pouted.

He had the ability to move without any sound. It was a strange talent from his old days as a soldier.

"Boss-nim?"

He raised his head. It was dark but the lights from the street outside leaked in, revealing his bloodshot eyes.

"Are you okay?"

Ian looked at her and blinked before smiling. "Have you finished?"

"Yes."

"Can I have just one cup of coffee?"

Han Yeori didn't complain. She looked at Ian's face and nodded.

“Yes.”

She walked into the preparation room and turned on the light. She hesitated in front of the espresso machine before making a drink and setting it down in front of Ian.

Ian looked down at it quietly. “Is this coffee?”

“Just drink it.”

Mint chocolate frappe. Ian quietly put the straw in his mouth.

Han Yeori asked, “Are you okay?”

Ian laughed. She noticed that his laugh sounded a little unusual.

“Yes, I’m fine.”

He drank the mint chocolate frappe for a while as the chill faded. Han Yeori sat next to Ian.

“Why are you acting like a man who had his heart broken?”

“How did you know?”

“I have to leave work, so regain your spirit.”

She tapped Ian’s head. Ian chuckled in a low voice. His voice rang through the empty café. Suddenly, Ian leaned against her.

Han Yeori complained, “Heavy.”

“Just for a moment.”

Ian said with a sigh, “Let me do this for a moment...”

As he closed his eyes, Han Yeori looked at his face leaning against her shoulder, at the still remaining mint chocolate frappe and then up at the ceiling. Ian’s breath tickled her ears. The second hand of the clock touched her nerves.

“.....”

Time passed. Han Yeori whispered towards the silent Ian, "You don't have to worry." As Ian's breathing evened out, she added, "I won't report you for sexual harassment..."

She reached out a hand towards Ian's bangs. There was still sweat on his forehead. She wiped it with her fingers and then smiled as she wiped it on Ian's clothes.

"Why is my boss like this...?"

Ian's heartbeat was transmitted from where he was leaning against her. Han Yeori felt his pulse and then got up. She carefully laid the sleeping Ian on the body and placed a cushion under his head.

Ian was now asleep. Han Yeori looked at his sleeping self before taking a coat from the counter and covering his body. It was summer. He shouldn't get a cold.

It was still raining outside the store. Cars passed through water. The procession of umbrellas could be seen.

"Um..."

Han Yeori slung her bag over her shoulder and looked at Ian one last time.

"People with quick senses..."

Rain poured down as soon as she opened the door and opened her umbrella. The rain striking the umbrella was heavy. Han Yeori stood at the doorway of Café Reason. As her ears became familiar with the sound of the rain, she began to move.

Rain was coming. So it was like this. She steadily moved away from the café as her silhouette gradually melted into the rain.

CHAPTER 152

CATACLYSM (1)

Crockta got up and said, "Let's go."

Tiyo and Anor were waiting.

Gridori was a beautiful resort. However, they couldn't enjoy it properly as they weren't in the mood to enjoy a resort. As soon as they arrived in Gridori and prepared to sleep, they heard the news that the kingdom had attacked Alaste and devastated it.

They were angry about the defeat in the duel and destroyed everything. Then it became a territory of the empire. At the forefront were Adandator and those cursed by the stars, the Heaven and Earth Clan.

Alaste's knights fought to the end but were wiped out. Galadin, Vigo, they all died. Therefore, Crockta's group decided to leave Gridori.

"We must fight!"

There was a disturbance on the street. Crockta's group looked over and saw a man standing on top of a box, emphasizing his thoughts to the gathered people. Every time he yelled, people nodded.

"We have no king! He can't oppress us! Gridori is a free city! Fight against the kingdom, no, the empire!"

When he shouted, people applauded. However, those who didn't agree with him shook their heads.

"How are we going to fight the empire?" Someone yelled back.

The mood sank. It was like the person said. Everyone agreed. The empire's military power was overwhelming. The moment they declared their resistance, the empire would dispatch troops to destroy them.

Many cities had already been trampled and ruined by them, just like Alaste was. They

didn't even follow the agreement.

"We must risk our lives to fight!" The man on the box yelled through clenched teeth. His voice was choked from all his emotions. He shouted with a red face. "This isn't freedom! Fight for it!"

"You fight alone!"

"The empire will conscript you for war..."

"Don't talk nonsense!"

His remarks were countered one by one. He shouted again but his remarks were gradually buried, with no one caring.

Gridori would belong to the empire. There was such an atmosphere. Everyone changed after the empire trampled Alaste. They didn't want to end up like Alaste. The empire's power was overwhelming.

It would be difficult to defeat their military power, even if several cities combined their forces. Making up the vanguard was the Heaven and Earth Clan, the ones cursed by the stars. They swung the weapons without fear of death. Monster soldiers who lived again after dying.

Rommel, their leader, was called the ghost of war. It was a fight without any chance of victory.

Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor smiled bitterly as they saw it. After Alaste was lost, they became aware of the true nature of the empire. However, they had yet to feel the actual empire. An evil existence that treated human beings as consumables, without caring about the gods watching.

Crockta's group left Gridori. Those who knew Crockta started to murmur, but the group ignored it. The users who grasped Crockta's activities followed them, but Crockta didn't respond. Several users followed Crockta's party. They only knew that Crockta was a named NPC. Crockta knew this and left them alone.

"Where are we going *dot*?"

"Um..."

They still didn't have a destination. They wanted to stop the empire, but how could they do it? They were already enemies of the empire. Entering the territory of the empire was risky and reckless. However, they didn't plan to leave the empire to its own pace.

Crockta thought for a moment before saying.

"It seems like the empire is aiming for the Espada area.

Espada was a plains area that stretched from the beginning of Alastair and several cities were built there. They were free cities who would never follow a king. In particular, they would never recognize the position of an emperor.

Numerous species suffered whenever a human emperor appeared. Those who remembered the past continued the tradition of thinking that a human emperor was the enemy.

"The Espada area. Let's go *dot*."

The Espada area wasn't far from Gridori.

An ambassador of the empire had already reached Gridori. They demanded thorough obedience from Gridori. Gridori would become a bigger city under the empire, but the citizens would become soldiers and be sent to war.

The emperor's laws were no different from the northern chieftain.

"Was the king originally like this?"

"He was originally a wise boy... people change."

Crockta thought that maybe a divine presence like the 'Tribulation' interfered with him.



The south was in an uproar due to the emperor. Crockta's party decided to go to the Espada area. As they moved away from Gridori, their followers signaled to each other.

"Crockta is leaving Gridori."

“What do we do?”

“Keep following. Determine the location first.”

They were Crockta’s fans who tracked his movements as soon as news of Crockta appearing in the south spread, members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.’ Now that Crockta was famous and due to his actions as an NPC, people started to track his movements like he was a celebrity.

People were looking forward to his adventures. On the fan club’s forum, there were constant reports of Crockta’s location. Fan club members from all over the world listened to news of him and posted it, allowing people to directly follow Crockta.

“Crockta was in a one-on-one duel with the empire and won...”

“I want to see it.”

As the rumor spread that Crockta became Alaste’s representative and had a duel with the empire, all the members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ were disappointed. No one knew that Crockta was involved in the battle due to the uproar from Yellow and the Heaven and Earth Clan’s agreement. Crockta had been spotted nearby but nobody guessed that he would be at the center of the situation.

“But won’t he continue to fight in the future?”

“Yes. Don’t miss it from now on.”

The empire had broken the agreement with Crockta and Alaste. Crockta would be burning with anger. He implemented justice all over the continent and went to the north alone to kill the great chieftain.

Now his sword was aimed at the southern emperor. It wasn’t a drama. If this world was reality, Crockta was truly a hero. They followed Crockta because they wanted to see this. They saw that Crockta was heading to Espada and knew that he was going to challenge the emperor in earnest. It was exciting to imagine how Crockta would resist the empire.

“I don’t like the Heaven and Earth Clan, so I hope that Crockta will implement justice.”

“Indeed. That is a good idea.”

The Heaven and Earth Clan had signed a memorandum with the Alaste Love users. However, they broke it. The memorandum was just a promise, so it had no effect. However, since they were all users, they had trust in each other. The Heaven and Earth Clan had betrayed that trust.

Then they said, 'It couldn't be helped since the emperor ordered the attack.'

However, the emperor also said, 'Those who are cursed by the stars were the ones who attacked.'

They laughed as they handed responsibility for Alaste over to each other. Everyone could see that they had plotted together. Now the Heaven and Earth Clan were the emperor's hounds. It was a tremendous achievement for users to be in that position, but they were turning that sword towards fellow users.

'The Heaven and Earth Clan will receive any complaints. If you have the power then bring it on. We are the Heaven and Earth Clan.'

There was already a precedent where they defeated the large American dominated clan, Metatron. Metatron's leaders lost their achievements they had accumulated in Elder Lord and quit the game.

The Heaven and Earth had begun walking the path of destruction, using their strength.

"Let's watch."

"Yes. Believe in Crockta."

The moment that they were about to follow Crockta's path...

Someone suddenly appeared.

"Did Crockta go this way?"

The users looked around.

It was a woman who wore clothes that clung to her body. Her appearance was familiar, as if they had seen it many times. The 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members thought for a moment as they looked at her.

She said, "I heard your conversation. You are members of He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy?"

"Yes."

"I'm also a member."

"Are you perhaps a famous person? I think I saw you somewhere before..."

She smiled. "I'm famous because of Crockta."

Youvidser Laney. She was the one who got a chance to shoot Crockta's fight with the user hunters in the early days. The users were shocked to see the orc's wild fighting style and his talk about honor after killing the user hunters. Later, she had taken the video of Crockta's desperate fight against the clans in Chesswood, breaking the Youvids record.

The members of 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' greeted her after realizing her identity. Laney was their most famous member. She was the first person that people told about Crockta's location.

"Don't miss it this time. Crockta seems like he is going to fight properly against the emperor..."

"If you shot the video of his duel with one of the empire's knights, it would've been a huge jackpot. It's too bad."

Laney shrugged, "It isn't too bad."

".....!"

The members' eyes shone at her words.

"Perhaps?"

"That's right."

Laney struck her chest and declared, "The duel scene, I filmed it."

"Wow!"

“I have been following Crockta since he returned from the north. It is a type of project. I knew Crockta would definitely do something nice.”

Photographers said that they would wait all day for a great photo. But Laney didn't have to do that. There was always a wonderful scene when she followed Crockta. Crockta's very existence was a scoop.

“Show me!”

“Huhuhu, wait a bit.”

Laney looked in the direction that Crockta had disappeared in and said, “I will be making a movie.”



Crockta met with travelers and inhabitants of the south as he left Gridori. All of them were concerned about the emperor's invasion. They were also a group who decided to leave the south.

“We don't have an emperor. We will never follow the emperor.” A middle-aged man said to Crockta. “It is the same for Crockta.”

“Yes. Orcs have no king or emperor.”

“There used to be an emperor in the past, but that position disappeared after the war was over. We know that if we follow such a person, we will lose our freedom and have to shed blood. The emperor is such an existence. Now an emperor has shown up again. He has failed to learn anything from the past.”

They were leaving the south and moving to the area of the elves.

Those who met the orc Crockta, who fought against the emperor's knight, spewed their resentment towards the emperor. Many regions had already become colonies of the empire and suffered from all kinds of tyranny. If their departure was a little late, their area would be incorporated into the empire and they wouldn't be able to leave.

“I don't know how the situation will end. I just want my family to be safe.”

Behind him were his wife and children. The middle-aged man had convinced his

friends and relatives and was moving towards the north.

Tiyo was playing with the bright children who didn't know anything.

"Crockta, are you going back home? Or are you going to fight against the emperor?"

"I will fight. I just don't know what to do yet."

"Great. There should be more warriors like you. Not the fakes who shake their tails towards the emperor. I am asking you to help the south. It is shameful that I am saying this when I am leaving."

"Everyone has their own path."

They walked down the road together. At that moment, the sound of horse hooves was heard and knights appeared, blocking the road in front of them. The residents were shaken. The mark of the empire.

"Where are you going?"

The middle-aged man talking with Crockta came forward. "We are leaving."

"Leaving... uhh?" The knights discovered Crockta standing next to the middle-aged man. "Crockta?"

Crockta matched the description going around. The leader turned around and talked to the other knights before approaching Crockta.

"There is no need for us to fight. His Majesty is eager to meet you."

He made Alaste into a ruin and now he wanted to see Crockta.

Crockta's face became dark. Crockta replied, "I have no intention of doing that. Why did you stop them?"

"That..."

The knight looked at Crockta. If Crockta wanted to fight, they couldn't stop him.

The knight declared, "His Majesty has issued a decree that all inhabitants of the south

can't leave the south without permission."

CHAPTER 153

CATACLYSM (2)

Crockta laughed, "There is no need to hear any more. Leave."

The knights immediately glanced at each other. They knew that they couldn't stop Crockta if he attacked them. Crockta had defeated Adandator. They couldn't beat him unless they dragged an army over.

"Crockta. I saw the duel." The knight with the highest status told Crockta. "I respect your skills. In that sense, I want to tell you..."

He looked at the residents. He understood the hearts of those who wanted to leave the south. But he couldn't go against the emperor's will.

"Don't try to go against His Majesty. The best judgment is for Crockta to join the empire and be with us. His Majesty promises wealth and honor."

Crockta looked at him. The knight was serious.

Crockta smiled bitterly. People judged the world based on their own viewpoints. His concern was appreciated but he could never be together with the knight. One day, they would meet on the battlefield and kill those on the other side. But that time wasn't now.

Crockta felt a strange sense of sadness of irony about the world as he spoke.

"My honor is different from your honor."

It was turned down. The knight nodded. He looked at the residents and said, "Don't think that you will be safe afterwards just because you're currently with Crockta. The southern residents can't leave without His Majesty's permission."

"....."

The residents were agitated. They didn't think that the empire would take such direct control. The freedom to go anywhere they liked on the continent, the empire had cast

the shade of oppression over it. It all began with the emperor's emergence.

"Damn emperor..."

The residents cursed as they watched the backs of the retreating knights. Then they expressed their thanks to Crockta.

"Thank you. It is all thanks to Crockta.

"No."

"Sigh. It is very concerning. I wonder if we can go north..."

Their first goal was the elf city called Riznari. It was a free city located a little away from Maillard where all types of species gathered. But based on the appearance of the knights, the empire had started to control all roads leading out of the south. It was questionable if they could reach their destination.

They started to exchange opinions among themselves.

"I would rather go to Espada..."

"I am the opposite. If we go to Espada, we will definitely have to fight the empire."

"If I had to choose one of them it is better to fight the emperor!"

"Maybe we should just go and see..."

"You just saw it. We will just get caught!"

Tiyo shook his head. "Crockta. Looking at the south... it might be better to leave this area first *dot*."

"Yes, but I don't want to do that."

"In order to fight the emperor, we must have troops. But you don't have that much power in the south *dot*."

It was possible to defeat the great chieftain in the north because they had the force called the dark elves. In order to get rid of the emperor, forces hostile to the emperor

were needed. The emperor would reveal his ambition soon, so it might be wiser to wait for the clash with forces from the elves, gnomes, and orcs.

But Crockta didn't want to do that.

"I will go to Espada and think about it."

"Understood *dot*."

Once he figured out Espada's situation, he would be able to make a decision about any future actions.

"Maybe we can get some rest *dot*."

"The discussion is getting longer. The residents in the south were having a discussion after meeting the knights to decide whether they should go north or go to Espada with Crockta.

"I'll keep going. I won't be intimidated."

"Then are you planning to take on the knights?"

"I will go quietly. It can't be helped if I end up conscripted."

"Do you think they will be so accepting? I would rather fight in Espada than be conscripted by the empire."

"Hah, truly."

As they talked, Crockta's group took out tools from their bags and started cooking. It was lunch time. The residents sat down and prepared to eat. Among the residents, there were those who continued discussing the future while the rest ate lunch.

Crockta chewed on beef jerky and looked at the distant horizon. If this was a normal trip, he would've sung a song. However, the emperor had emerged and shattered this. He couldn't rest easily until he removed those who destroyed Alaste.

"After fighting the emperor..." It was a similar story when he fought the great chieftain. Crockta looked up and spoke to Tiyo and Anor. "Let's go back to Gridori and enjoy some rest."

Tiyo grinned.

“The emperor after the great chieftain. I’m afraid that if we stop the emperor, a god will appear *dot*.”

“If a god blocks us, we should get rid of the god.”

“Kahahat.”

The meal ended and Crockta’s group rose. Then they looked at the residents. If their argument was prolonged, Crockta planned to leave for Espada first. But they seemed to have come to a conclusion.

“We will go to Espada.”

“I wish you good luck.”

The residents decided to split into two groups. There were those who would continue to Riznari, while the others would go to Espada. On the way to Riznari, there was a high probability of meeting the emperor’s knights, but they couldn’t think about fighting the emperor.

“It will be dangerous...”

“They won’t kill us. At most, we will be punished before being conscripted by the emperor.”

“I hope to see you again.”

“Then...”

The group said farewell and split in two. They said, “Goodbye. I didn’t know we would be breaking apart like this.”

“Life is about choices. It would be good if I could know the future.”

Crockta listened to their conversation and thought of a skill. If he used the ‘Gray God’s Eyes’, he could see the other person’s lifespan. However, he was reluctant to use this skill. It was a great skill but knowing the lifespan of someone else gave off a feeling of taboo.

In particular, after finding out that Elder Lord was another dimension, he became more reluctant to use it. He didn't want to steal the intimate knowledge of another person's death. In addition, he didn't want to be forced to do something by this ability.

Just like the name, this skill was the domain of the gods. But at this moment, he felt like he had to confirm their remaining lifespan. If he used this, he could guess if they were killed by knights or if they would make it safely to another city.

Crockta hesitated before using the skill on the villagers in the distance. Then something emerged on top of their heads.

".....!"

Crockta felt dismayed. They would die in the near future. The same number was written above the heads of those continuing to the north. They would meet death on the same day.

"Stop."

"Huh?"

"They..." Crockta turned his head. ".....!"

The numbers showed once again. The numbers above their head were no different from those heading to the north.

Crockta dropped his gaze, unable to look at the fate of those heading to their deaths. There was a procession of ants at his feet. There was something faint around them as well. The inevitably overwhelming marks of death were stamped all over this world.

Death was equal, stamping the heads of both humans and ants. Not just humans and ants, but the land he stood on would be destroyed someday.

Crockta once again regretted using the Gray God's Eyes. The power became stronger every time he used it. It was hard to breath when seeing the world of death through the Gray God's Eyes.

"Crockta, why are you so slow *dot*?"

Tiyo approached him and asked. Crockta didn't want to see the mark of death above

Tiyo's head. So he tried to stop the Gray God's Eyes. At that moment,

[The Gray God's Eyes was originally a passive skill.]

“.....!”

A system message. No, it was a message from the 'Gray God'.

[Once you use it once, you will see them forever.]

Crockta shook his head. It wasn't supposed to be like this.

[But since it is a god's vision, I have changed the Gray God's Eyes into a skill that you can activate and deactivate.]

[Now you see that the world is full of death.]

[They will meet death in the near future.]

[Do you want to save them?]

[What choice will you make?]

She asked Crockta.

Crockta opened his eyes.



The Heaven and Earth Clan operated on the logic of economic returns. The members of Heaven and Earth were full-time users making a living in Elder Lord. Therefore, they rushed to generate revenue. And they were successful in making money.

They launched a program called Heaven and Earth TV. There was an exclusive person filming the various wars and events of the Heaven and Earth Clan in the world of Elder Lord in real time. As Heaven and Earth TV became increasingly popular, it cooperated with broadcasters and became a national program.

The broadcast chat window was the battlefield. Those who liked the Heaven and Earth Clan praised their actions, anticipating more wars and massacres. They didn't blame them for violating the agreement between users.

–They have to maintain their influence. Betrayal is nothing. Become strong or self-destruct. That is Elder Lord.

There were others who questioned the Heaven and Earth Clan's excessive warfare, the gameplay that didn't care about other users and the arrogant attitude that mocked weak users.

–Thanks to them, people are quitting Elder Lord. How many villages are lost because of them? The contents and fun are disappearing, what are the publishers doing?

Despite such controversies, the Heaven and Earth Clan was proud of their greatness. People liked watching the best. The ratings were the best for the Heaven and Earth battles. In particular, Rommel's orchestrated tactical commands enthralled people.

Today, in the middle of a small Heaven and Earth battle. All of a sudden, system messages popped up.

[This is an entire server system message.]

[Thank you to all the users who love Elder Lord. Elder Lord has become more abundant thanks to your participation.]

–Eh, what?

BJ Heaven and Earth, the person dedicated to shooting the Heaven and Earth TV broadcast, murmured in confusion.

–It's been awhile since there was a server wide system message. How strange. Wait while I check this out. Is Elsaco finally acting?

Elsaco stood for Elder Saga Corporation. Elsaco was mocked as a company that didn't work due to its unique way of handling the game.

The viewers also focused on the message. BJ Heaven and Earth muttered,

–Achievement points event?

[Your hard work in Elder Lord is measured using achievement points. Thanks to all the users, the total sum of achievement points has exceeded the target value.]

–The target?

[Thus, there will be an achievement points event. Special rewards will be given whenever you earn achievement points. Each user will receive different rewards, so don't be disappointed if you get an unwanted reward and continue to build your achievements. There are some wonderful rewards.]

The battle scene was still visible on the screen. As BJ Heaven and Earth continued to dwell on the system messages, the members fighting turned them off and focused on the battle. Then the battle ended. BJ Heaven and Earth regained his spirit.

–Ah, the battle finished. Then...

[You have earned achievement points. Due to the achievement points event, you have learned a new skill!]

—*Eh?*

BJ Heaven and Earth was in charge of shooting, but as a member of the Heaven and Earth party, he also gained a share of the experience and achievement points. As soon as the battle ended, he received the achievement points, followed by the reward.

He confirmed the reward.

[Rare grade skill, Flying Heaven Sword Style (Rare) has been acquired.]

—... *Uh?*

BJ Heaven and Earth groaned. The Flying Heaven Sword Style was a well known sword skill.

[If you learn the Flying Heaven Sword Style and satisfy certain conditions, you can change to the hidden class ‘Sword Emperor.’]

The Flying Heaven Sword Style was the representative skill of the ranker with the hidden class ‘Sword Emperor.’ He revealed that he could become a Sword Emperor by acquiring the Flying Heaven Sword Style, but he didn’t tell how he acquired the skill.

So it was a famous skill that no one else managed to obtain. Sword Emperor was a fraudulent class that everyone wanted. Along with Rommel’s ‘War Maestro’, it was recognized as a hidden class that represented Elder Lord.

That Flying Heaven Sword Style had fallen into the hands of BJ Heaven and Earth.

–Uh... Uhh...

BJ Heaven and Earth's confused voice trailed away. He was dazed. In contrast to his silence, the chat window had become noisy. This was the start of Elder Lord's cataclysm.

CHAPTER 154

CATACLYSM (3)

Not everyone received a skill like the Flying Heaven Sword Style, but it was obvious that users were starting to become stronger than before. After hearing this news, users who left Elder Lord came back.

People speculated that this was Elder Saga Corporation's attempt at marketing to increase the dominance of Elder Lord. The event seemed to be an extraordinary success.

Elder Lord became boisterous as people played more aggressively in order to gain achievement points.



"Should I play again?" Yiyu muttered. However, her friends all shook their heads.

"It is too late to start now, and the result would be the same. You are already doing what you want to do, so there is no need to play the game again."

"I see..."

"Now you need to prepare for the certification. Graduation is soon."

"Hell..."

She was chatting with her friends in a café in front of the school. They wanted to get off the hot streets and into the air conditioned café, hanging out while eating bingsoo. (TL: shaved ice)

"Is your brother well? It seemed like the matter was urgent."

"Yes, it wasn't a big deal. He said to apologize to you."

"There is no need to be sorry, as I got to eat thanks to him. It is the first time I ate such food. Jung Yiyu, isn't your brother a gold spoon?"

“Hey, that was also the first time I had a meal like that.”

Ban Taehoon was with them, but he was dozing off in the corner. Apparently, the boys had gathered together and played until extremely early in the morning. Yoon Bora clicked her tongue at his appearance.

“Pathetic guy.”

“...I can hear you.” Ban Taehoon replied.

“Your sisters are working so hard while you drink all night.”

“I’m graduating so let it go this once.”

“You shouldn’t live like this.”

“I don’t like your tone. You sound like a real mother. It is creepy.” Ban Taehoon got up. His eyes were hollow. He had washed up so he didn’t smell like alcohol, but his movements were uncomfortable. “What is Crockta doing these days?”

“How should I know?”

“You’re a member of He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.”

“I was so busy that I couldn’t... let’s see.”

Yiyu held out the bowl of bingsoo to Ban Taehoon and said, “Eat some.”

“That’s okay... I will die...”

“Tsk tsk. It is better than drinking alcohol.”

“Is it up to you?”

They smiled, enjoying the first leisure time they had in awhile.

Yoon Bora was manipulating her phone and mounted it on an LCD holder. Both Yiyu and Ban Taehoon looked at it.

“What is it?”

“Bora?”

It was a live channel. As soon as she hit the button, the video was played. In Elder Lord, there were a lot of users in a region, so big battles and issues were usually broadcasted in real time. This was one such relay channel. However, this time there was the name, ‘Crockta’ in the title.

On the screen, Crockta was fighting against knights. Recently, an emperor had emerged in the south and was conducting a war. At the forefront was the Heaven and Earth Clan. The video didn’t contain the Heaven and Earth Clan, but it might be an extension of that battle.

It was a fierce fight. Crockta alone wielded his greatsword against dozens of knights. He defeated the knights, but he couldn’t protect all the residents.

–Killing innocent people, how shameful!

–Shut up! It is in the emperor’s name!

Crockta and the knights wielded their weapons against each other. Unlike the users who had ambiguous positions in Elder Lord, the NPCs sincerely wielded their weapons at their enemies.

“Is this real?”

“Yes.”

In a corner of the screen, the chat history of the viewers was continuously updating. The people who supported Crockta and those who wanted him to die were fighting.

“Crockta won’t die, right?”

“He is a monster. He can’t die. It is the other people that are the problem,” Ban Taehoon said. His words were correct. While Crockta was stronger than the knights, he couldn’t protect the entire area alone.

The knights continued to capture and kill the rebellious residents. Crockta tried to save the residents, but he was surrounded by knights.

–You aren’t worthy to be called knights!

–We are the emperor's knights.

The knights didn't care. Crockta's sincerity in wanting to save people was passed through the screen towards the viewers. He broke through the encirclement, regardless of any injuries to himself. However, the other knights came back together, forming a thicker encirclement. The angry Crockta fought against them.

"It is strange. These people are fighting seriously."

"I guess it is because they're artificial intelligence."

The users filming the situation suddenly hid themselves. The screen darkened. He seemed to be running from a knight who found his traces. His rough breathing was heard. Then he spoke from the black screen.

–Heok, heok. Since a few days ago, Crockta has been helping residents all over the south. He also hit the Heaven and Earth Clan once. Instead of wasting troops trying to catch Crockta, the emperor is spreading the knights in various directions to stop residents from leaving the empire...

He suddenly became quiet as he hid his body somewhere. He whispered to the viewers watching his broadcast.

–Knights are nearby. What should I do?

His voice paused before continuing.

–This is a junction. If you donate to me now, I will do as you please. Brothers! Sisters! If you go a donation, I will react however you want! Please support me!

It was common for BJs to receive donations that would decide their actions.

As the user declared this, the chat window became noisy as something appeared on the screen. It was an amount. Someone watching the broadcast had spent money. His command was simple.

–Run out to the knights and chant 'I am hard' five times.

The chat was filled with laughter. The BJ groaned as he received the command, but his determination was firm. In the end, the BJ was forced to do it. The entire chat window

was filled with laughter and emoticons.

In the end, the video started showing again. The user had turned on the relay. The point of view was changed to third person, showing the user. As the donor instructed, he ran through the bushes towards the knight.

The knights raised their swords at his sudden emergence.

He shouted.

–I am hard! I am hard! I...!

However, before his words could continue, a knight's sword quickly cut off his head. The video ended. The chat window was a sea of laughter.

"This is funny?"

"It isn't funny? Kukuku."

Yiyu couldn't help laughing. Ban Taehoon chuckled.

"People earn a living in their own way."

Yoon Bora turned off the video and grabbed her phone. Then she started eating the bingsoo again. A lot of the ice had already melted.

"Crockta is living a hard life."

"Isn't it dangerous?"

"Perhaps. A named NPC won't die easily. The knights will be killed."

Crockta was acknowledged as the strongest warrior right now in Elder Lord. It was why BJs chased after him. He was so important they would risk danger to film him.

"There are Crockta's videos and the Heaven and Earth Clan videos, so I don't need to connect to play the game."

"What about the Heaven and Earth Clan?"

“They are just burning everything.”

The Heaven and Earth Clan also wasn't idle. The 'cursed army' received the emperor's favor and carried out his orders. The biggest advantage was that soldiers didn't die permanently and Rommel's amazing commanding ability. Rommel's tactical ability meant that the emperor even gave him troops.

A user leading an army of NPCs was a tremendous achievement in Elder Lord. He used it to carry out the emperor's commands. The achievement points were huge and the rewards would be bigger.

The Heaven and Earth Clan were gradually rushing towards a monopoly.

“Are you going?”

“I am busy. I'll call you later.”

No matter what happened in Elder Lord, the group was having a leisurely afternoon.



Crockta was having a busy time without any breaks. He started helping the residents leave the south.

Thanks to the skill 'Gray God's Eyes', he could see people's death. The south was a land where death prevailed. When he rescued a group of villagers, the alarm was shifted to a village in another area. After saving them, another village was given a day or two. There were passing travelers also destined to die.

He just wanted to close his eyes, but the fate of death caught his tail and led him to another fight.

“Thank you!”

“Go to a safe place.”

Crockta once again listened to the gratitude of the farmers that he saved. It wasn't a large group so Crockta could save all of them alone.

“Yes! We will act as if we are dead for the time being. Thank you Crockta!”

If they followed the emperor's coercion, Crockta might've passed them by. However, none of the humans outside the kingdom were willing to follow the emperor. They were already familiar with the fact that they would be war consumables when dragged into the empire

The inhabitants of Elder Lord held a deep-rooted reluctance towards emperors. Their judgment wasn't wrong. There were rumors that those conscripted by the emperor were dying from harsh training.

"Then I will..."

At that moment, Crockta flinched. The Gray God's Eyes's opened and a new fate caught up with the residents. It was pointing to the foreseeable future. He saved the residents who were destined to die tomorrow. But despite Crockta's actions, death would find them again a week later. He didn't know if the emperor's knights would come back or if it was some other reason, but Crockta only added a few days to their lifespan.

"Be careful."

It was the only thing Crockta could say. He couldn't become attached to them. He barely stepped away from the farmers who continued to express gratitude. His heart was heavy. The ability that the gray god gave him was pushing him to the edge. Those who were destined to die were everywhere. The emperor was turning the south into a land of death.

But even this agony was a luxury. As long as he fought, he would struggle to do his best. No matter what the results were.

"This way."

The people of the south, who decided not to follow the emperor, was forming a coalition. They were weak compared to the empire, but they were determined to fight. The coalition reached out to other species.

Tiyo and Anor headed to Espada, the center of the coalition, while Crockta moved quickly on his own. Crockta once again found signs of death in a young man who was searching for help for his village. Crockta heard that the situation was urgent and was told the location.

"Let's go see."

Crockta kicked his horse. The horse started galloping. It had accompanied him on this hard journey. As if it felt Crockta's nervousness, the horse ran at the fastest speed.

He soon encountered a group of users. Crockta stopped. The Heaven and Earth Clan. He moved his hand to the handle of his greatsword. The number was enough to take on his own. But their reaction was unexpected.

"Ah, Crockta!"

"He really is here!"

"Amazing, amazing!"

Crockta noticed quickly. It was an astute insight that grasped the situation in an instant. This was how he became the best agent on the battlefield when he used to be a soldier. They were obviously members of his fanclub, 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy'.

"What do we do?"

"Get a signature?"

"An NPC doesn't even know what that is!"

Crockta got down from his horse. They panicked as Crockta suddenly approached them. The legendary Crockta was staring at them with deep eyes.

"Who are you?"

It was the voice that they always listened to in videos. None of them could open their mouths. They only saw him in videos, but the Crockta in front of them seemed bigger and fiercer.

Then one person replied, "F-Fan! I really admire Crockta! I came here because I wanted to see you once!"

"Admire..."

Crockta shook his head.

“I don’t believe in that admiration.”

“It is true...”

“If you really admire me...” Crockta pointed behind them. “Go with me.”

CHAPTER 155

MOUNTAIN SMASHER (1)

“.....!”

They were baffled by Crockta’s suggestion to accompany him.

“Go with you, what...?”

They didn’t know whether they liked it or not. Crockta was waging war in the south against the Heaven and Earth Clan. He was busy running off to save another place.

Crockta looked at them before climbing back on his horse. Then he started to move past them.

“Uhh...”

The back view of the increasingly distant Crockta seemed somewhat desolate. Suddenly, the words he spoke seemed meaningful.

‘I don’t believe in that admiration.’

He was a hero to both users and NPCs. But whether it was the north or south, he was fighting alone. There were countless people who said they admired him, but Crockta was always alone when fighting against enemies.

“Shit...” A silent person grinned. “Looking at that back view... I have no choice but to go?”

“Shaq?”

“I am going.”

“But it is dangerous. What if the Heaven and Earth Clan are there? You will die!”

“Hey, didn’t you fill out the application form when you joined?” To those who were trying to dissuade him, the man called Shaq asked. “What was your answer to the last

question?”

“.....!”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ fanclub operated on a membership system, but not everyone was qualified to join. When filling out the application form, there was a minimum of personal information as well as one question at the end.

[Do you respect the actions of Righteous Orc Crockta?]

Of course, the answer was ‘yes.’ Those who didn’t answer correctly wouldn’t be admitted. That’s right. They all respected Crockta.

“Crockta says that he can’t believe us, so I have no choice but to show him directly.”

“Shaq...”

“I am going.”

Shaq started walking after Crockta. The members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ had come because they had an intense desire to meet Crockta. They never expected a battle.

“Yare yare...” Gilgamesh, who was in love with Japanese anime culture, shook his head. “Looking at that back... doesn’t it make you tired...? Kukuk.”

He wasn’t playing a role now. It was his usual self. He never broke his distinctive tone even when other members criticized him. In other words, he was a man of perseverance.

“Well, those who follow will follow. Today, the ‘military power’... will we be able to see it? Kuhuhu...”

He started walking after Shaq. The remaining members looked at each other and sighed.

“It can’t be helped.”

“Really?”

“We are going...”

Then Gilgamesh suddenly turned around. “Hey. Think well.” He laughed and continued. “Right now, this is ‘hell.’ You rookies.”

“.....”

The other users, listening quietly, started to walk forward.

“Today I will kill that otaku bastard.”

“Put up with it!”

“Aaaah! I’ll kill him!”

“Hey, you!”

In no time, they had caught up with Gilgamesh. Thus, the members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ plunged into the southern battlefield to help Crockta.



Camelot was once a knight, but he had retired and settled in a small town to become a farmer. He was satisfied with his current peaceful life. He had a wise wife and beautiful daughter. Despite not being rich, they had good neighbors. In addition, the rich southern land repaid his sincerity with a lot of crops.

He imagined living here for the rest of his life and thought there would be no happier life if he closed his eyes with his grandchildren around him. But he had to abandon the farm equipment and pick up a weapon.

It was because the emperor appeared.

“I think it would be good to join Espada.”

“It is too far. Knights are everywhere.”

“It is the same here.”

The village was holding a meeting to discuss the future. They had been discussing for

a few days about whether they should incorporate into the empire or not.

“Why don’t we just join the empire?”

“If we are going to die on the battlefield anyway, let’s not die as slaves and resist the emperor!”

“Aye!”

Camelot looked at the meeting that had come to a standstill and recalled the long sword he had left at home. Perhaps the villagers would fail to reach a conclusion until the end and this discussion would continue. Eventually, the imperial forces would come here.

Fortunately, the imperial army couldn’t move in an orderly fashion due to the orc called Crockta. They might be able to stop it if a reasonable number of troops came.

“Camelot, you don’t have an opinion? You were once a knight.”

“I don’t know.”

He was serious. He didn’t know what the right thing to do was. It didn’t seem like any path would resolve it well. The emperor and empire were enemies that were too big. The moment that the discussion was going to start again...

An alarm started ringing.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

The urgent ringing lifted people to their feet. The village chief instructed a young man to find out what happened. But it was obvious what was happening before he even came out.

“Armed forces!”

“Knights are coming! Get ready everyone!”

The knights of the empire. There were many rumors about knights on horses appearing to occupy villages and drag villagers to become serfs of the empire. But when it came to reality, no one could react properly.

Camelot shouted. "Steady yourself!"

At his words, the residents started to move. They talked about what they should do next.

"Grab your weapons at him then bring the women, children, and seniors back to this place!"

They had to gather. If they were separate, they would be killed by the knights.

"Quickly!"

Camelot shouted before moving first. His house was on the outskirts of the village. It would be one of the knights' first goal. He was worried about his wife and daughter waiting at home, and couldn't stay any longer.

"Dammit!"

The closer he came to his home, the more his uneasy feelings became true. Not far from his house was the flag of the empire. As he crazily ran past them, the horrible scenery was revealed. The knights were carelessly dragging his wife and daughter. They resisted but the knights didn't care, throwing them on the ground.

Flames surged in Camelot's eyes.

"Son of a bitch!"

He rushed with all his power and kicked the knight, who fell from the weighted blow. He was wearing heavy armor so he couldn't get up. Camelot grabbed the knight's sword on the ground and pointed it at the enemy.

"Who?"

"This fellow!"

The knights also threatened Camelot with their swords. Camelot hid his wife behind him and warily looked at the enemies. His daughter was still in the hands of a knight, staring at him with a terrified expression.

"Knights who have no shame."

“We hear that a lot.”

The knights laughed. Camelot was desperate. The knights he knew weren't like this, but the south had gone crazy after the emperor's inauguration. There were no knights left who honoured the weak and helped those in crises. Rather, they had become dogs of the emperor, with only the savage, ignorant orc left helping.

Camelot gritted his teeth. “Return my daughter and I will join the empire. I was a knight of the Dietrich family, so I will be more helpful than ordinary farmers.”

“You!”

Camelot looked at his family and shook his head. Camelot was desperate. However, the knights mocked him, “Don't make me laugh. One man is more helpful than two women? I don't think so.”

“.....!”

Their attitude made them seem more like bandits than knights. One knight asked another knight, “Hey, is he to your taste?”

“No.”

“He said that he would be more helpful.”

“Maybe that is his taste. Kuhuhu.”

“Puhahat.”

Camelot gripped the sword tightly. After hearing the knights' words, he was determined to die. He would die today. However, he would take out at least one of them with him. He cursed the emperor and prepared to run.

However, his strong mind didn't last long.

“Hey, drop the sword.”

“.....!”

A knight was holding a sword to his daughter. “I can tell what you're intending from

the look in your eyes, but don't even think about it. Otherwise, I can't guarantee the lives of your daughter and wife behind you."

"....."

"I won't kill them if you surrender. Do you understand? Even if it is miserable, isn't it better than your wife and child being killed here?"

Camelot thought about it and the tip of his sword slowly dropped. He dropped the sword. At the same time, a fist hit him.

"Cough!"

"Honey!"

It was a punch from a knight wearing thick steel gauntlets. A few teeth flew in an instant. Camelot fell to the ground and spat out blood.

"This bastard dared to kick me?" It was the knight that he had first attacked. He kept kicking Camelot. "Hold this bastard tightly."

He commanded another knight to grab Camelot. Then he grabbed his sword and walked towards Camelot's daughter.

"Your daughter will suffer because of your kick."

"What are you doing?"

"Look at what you have done."

"I'll apologize so stop! Stop!"

The sword was pointed towards his daughter's face. Camelot shook like crazy. However, he was held by the knight and couldn't stop it. The knight kicked Camelot and forced him on his knees. The nauseous Camelot lay on the ground.

His blurry vision could see the sword heading towards his daughter's ear. The knight was going to cut off her ear. Camelot used all his strength to try and get up and attack the knight. However, another knight knocked him down again.

The moment that he felt total despair...

There was a huge roar.

Kuaaaaaaang!

A black object jumped from the bushes and struck the knight's face. The knight's neck was torn and his head flew through the air.

".....!"

It happened so abruptly that no one could respond. The body of the headless knight collapsed as blood splattered everywhere. Camelot's daughter closed her eyes and screamed as blood covered her.

"Kyaaaak!"

However, no one else in this place opened their mouths. The 'huge' thing was standing in the middle of them. This...

"Grrrrr..."

It was a great tiger the size of a house. The teeth were big and sharp, as if they could chew through an ogre's skin, and the eyes were fierce. There was a package tied to its neck, but no one thought it looked ridiculous.

"W-What?"

"This..."

The tiger's pressure pushed at them. Every time the tiger growled, the low frequency would overwhelm their bodies. But it didn't end with just the tiger.

"What, tiger! Why are you so fast?" The tiger was accompanied by someone. "What is this? Grrung!"

There was an orc that was just as big as the tiger. He scratched his head and nodded as he found the girl trapped by the knights.

"Tsk ts. Humans can't help themselves! Grrung!"

A knight recoiled at his appearance and stammered out.

“C-Crockta?”

“Crockta? Don’t compare me to such a baby! Bah!”

Crockta was the only fearsome orc in the south. Then who was this orc? The orc struck his chest and declared, “My name is Kumarak! Grrung!”

He was ‘Mountain Smasher’ Kumarak.

CHAPTER 156

MOUNTAIN SMASHER (2)

‘Mountain Smasher’ Kumarak was a legendary orc with many stories about him. The most famous story was that he smashed a whole mountain into a flat land in order to hunt a greatworm. The greatworm was a creature who emerged from the ground when it vibrated and freely swallowed its prey.

It had an earthworm-like appearance, but scholars considered it powerful enough to be treated as a dragon. On the western side of the continent, there was an old and infamous greatworm that had long been mentioned in the history books.

Kumarak, who had been exploring the west, was very angry when the infamous greatworm swallowed his companions and he figured out that its home was a vast mountain nearby. He smashed at the mountain frantically, trying to destroy it.

Then the greatworm appeared from within.

The two engaged in a bloody battle. The greatworm fled in front of Kumarak’s immense strength and endurance, and Kumarak kept digging at the mountain. Then the greatworm appeared again and again, with the two of them struggling in this manner for several months.

Mountain Smasher was certainly an exaggeration, but Kumarak eventually turned a big mountain into a hill in the period of a year and killed the great worm. He pulled the remains of his companions out of the greatworm’s stomach and buried them.

Thus, he killed the hundreds of years old greatworm, which had been written down in history, and turned the mountain into a flat land where it was buried. Since then, Kumarak became someone who should never be touched.

That Kumarak was here. Indeed, it was a fearsome appearance. He seemed much bigger than Crockta, whose name was widely spread. They were suspicious if he was even an orc.

Kumarak stared at the knights and said, “Grung, go!”

“.....!”

“I said it clearly. I will count to five. One, grung, two...!”

Kumarak grabbed the axe he carried on his back. The axe was much bigger than usual. They could feel how much of a monster Kumarak was just seeing him hold that weapon. In the end, all the knights retreated before Kumarak counted to five.

Camelot bowed his head and said, “Thank you.”

He couldn’t pronounce the words properly after being hit by the knight. His weeping wife approached Camelot and examined his wounds. His daughter also ran towards her mother and father.

“Grrr...”

Kumarak’s expression was awkward as he looked at the scene. The tiger came up to Kumarak and stood next to him. Both of them were huge, so they looked like an ordinary orc and tiger when standing side by side.

“Tiger! Good job suddenly running here. Grrung...”

“Kuang!”

“I don’t understand what you are saying.”

“Kuaang!”

“Well, it is also the same for you. Grrung!”

Kumarak touched the sack tied to the tiger’s neck.

“By the way, where is he?”

“Kuang?”

“He isn’t here?”

The tiger shrugged. Kumarak smiled at the human gesture and patted the tiger.

“Let’s handle these bastards first, Tiger! Grrung!”

“Kuaang!”

Kumarak turned around. There were still knights in the village. He could hear the screams of people in the distance. It was a strange sight for Kumarak. Human knights were attacking the same humans that they were made to protect. There were also humans attacking the knights. The humans were fighting among themselves. While there was the occasional dispute between the orcs, this was the first time Kumarak had ever seen the strong tormenting the weak.

“Let’s go, Tiger!”

Kumarak instantly ran out. As they moved away from Camelot into the village, humans who gave up resistance were being dragged. They were like slaves as they were tied together with ropes.

Slaves!

Flames surged in Kumarak’s eyes. A scene without honor!

He lifted his axe.

“Bul’tarrrrrrrrr————!”

The roar shook the village. The knights covered their ears and looked around. They soon discovered the fierce face of a giant orc looking at them. He was holding an axe that was as big as an adult body.

“What are you doing, grrung!”

“.....!”

“I asked, what are you doing in front of me?”

As Kumarak glared at his opponents with bloodthirsty eyes, the knights couldn’t help stepping back. The knights couldn’t move. Even the residents trembled under his pressure. The leader of the knights stepped forward and asked, “Who are you? We are acting in the name of the emperor.”

This orc wasn't Crockta. Crockta used a greatsword and wore a red headband. This orc wielded an axe that was bigger than his head.

Kumarak cocked his head. "Emperor?"

"Yes."

The knight gained confidence.

This was the south, the land of the kingdom, and now the land of the empire. Even though there were some people like Crockta, people generally listened to the name of the emperor. The other species weren't united like the present empire. Compared to their loosely connected systems, the empire trained its army in a systematic manner. In other words, the empire was now the single strongest force on the continent and the emperor was at the height of this power. And they were knights of the emperor.

The knight raised his chin and said, "Don't meddle in our task. Once again, it is per the emperor's orders."

Kumarak asked, "The emperor?"

"That's right. The emperor!" The knight answered firmly.

Kumarak's axe lowered.

The knight grinned. This orc still had common sense. No matter how strong he was, he couldn't fight against the empire. Maybe he would become their ally. The emperor was gathering talent for a future plan. The orc was ugly but his combat power was excellent, so if the knight could persuade him and take him to the emperor...

Before he could finish the thought, Kumarak stomped his feet. The earth shook.

"I am———!" Kumarak moved forward, his big shadow covering the knight. Kumarak's eyes were burning. "Kumarak———!"

Kumarak reached out and grabbed the knight's neck. The knight struggled and grabbed his wrist, but Kumarak's strength was overwhelming. He raised the body of the knight. The other knights drew their swords and pointed them at Kumarak, but he didn't care.

“Say it again. Whose name?”

“E-E... cough... emperor...”

“I am Kumarak!” Kumarak threw the knight. He hit a group of knights. “I don’t have an emperor. Grrung!”

Kumarak strode forward. His overwhelming atmosphere crushed the knights. His shoulders shook.

Kaaaang!

With the sound of steel colliding, one knight flew into the air. He had been hit by the axe.

“Emperor?”

Every time his arms shook, the knights fell one by one. The huge axe was moving at an unbelievable speed that they couldn’t see. The terrified knights stepped back as Kumarak approached.

“You might call him the emperor but...” Kumarak pushed his face right up against a knight. The knight was terrified and kept shaking. “For me, he is just a human.”

Kumarak kicked him. The knights didn’t dare go against Kumarak. He looked at those who had fallen and said, “If you don’t disappear right now, I will kill you. Grrung.”

The scared knights hurriedly grabbed their weapons and withdrew. No hesitation was seen. They knew that if they stayed here further, they would die in Kumarak’s hands. There was the sound of horseshoes as the knights ran away.

Kumarak and the tiger released the bound residents. They expressed their thanks to Kumarak. Kumarak looked terrifying, but he coughed awkwardly at the thanks from the residents.

“Grrung! I was just passing by! Grrung! There is no need for thanks!”

“Thank you very much. Kumarak!”

“Hooray Kumarak!”

“Grrung!”

As they were celebrating the defeat of the knights, a new group was seen in the distance.

“.....!”

The boisterous sounds subsided. The residents became tense again. Dust was rising in the distance. Maybe the knights had called for more troops as reinforcements. Kumarak placed his axe on his shoulder. They came back despite being scared, maybe they brought a decent opponent this time.

“Kiyoooooooo!” The one who appeared was a small gnome on horseback. “I am Tiyo *dot!* Where are those guys from the empire *dot?*”

A group of humans were riding towards the village, with Tiyo in the lead. They were the resistance formed in Espada. Tiyo and Anor had separated from Crockta, joining the resistance and fighting against the empire.

Tiyo’s ability to freely change General to an array of weapons was overwhelming, causing him to quickly rise from a soldier to a leader.

“Hmm?” Dismay appeared in Tiyo’s eyes as he saw an orc and tiger instead of knights. “What? I thought only Crockta was this ugly *dot!*”

Kumarak became furious. “What did you say? Grrung!”

“Ohh, you heard it very clearly *dot!*”

“This little kid gnome! Grrrung!”

“Ugly bastard *dot!*”

The two of them growled at each other as soon as they met. Tiyo shouted.

“Why do you keep going grrung *dot?* Are you imitating the tiger?”

“T-This!”

“So you can speak without sounding like a beast *dot!* Then stop grrrung!”

Kumarak glanced away, while the tip of his nose turned red. It was unexpectedly a complex.

“I have sinusitis... grrung! It isn’t on purpose...! Grrung...!”

“Oh, I see... tsk tsk, you should maintain your health. Eat a lot of fruits and vegetables *dot*. Have you eaten today?”

“Not yet...”

“That’s great *dot*. Residents! We have a lot of food! The fight seems to have been taken care of by this orc, so come eat! Kahat!”

Tiyo already grasped the situation. The residents had just been released from their ropes and this orc was like Crockta. Furthermore, there was a huge tiger. This orc must’ve defeated the knights and saved the village.

“I understand. We will prepare it.” The residents decided to serve the orc Kumarak, who saved them. While they prepared the food, the tiger went and hunted two big bisons.

“Phew, now I can rest *dot*.”

“I can finally sit for a bit. Phew. It is hard.”

The resistance members rested in their seats. They had rushed here after saving another village.

“Hey Orc!”

“My name is Kumarak! Grrung!”

“Yes, Kumarak.” Tiyo approached and patted the tiger sitting beside him. The tiger was quiet. “Do you know Crockta *dot*?”

“Crockta? We came to meet him! Grrung!”

“Ah! I am the man who ventured north with Crockta *dot*! We fought together against the crazy chieftain *dot*!”

“Where is he?”

“Right now we have separated *dot*. Why are you looking for Crockta?”

“Not me, this guy!”

Kumarak pointed to the tiger. The tiger had been dozing due to Tiyo’s nice touch, and opened his eyes as he was abruptly mentioned.

“Kuang?” The tiger looked around in amazement. He looked somewhat dazed.

“The tiger seems a little lacking *dot*.”

“...That’s right. Grrung.”

The tiger didn’t see anything and started to doze off again. Tiyo climbed on top of it and rolled on the fluffy fur. Then he bumped into the bundle tied to the tiger’s neck.

“Ouch! What is this *dot*?”

“It needs to be given to Crockta. Where is Crockta?”

“Crockta right now...”



Crockta was currently excited. He wielded his greatsword towards the knights. The body was split apart.

“Bul’tar!”

“Yare yare... my body is an infinite sword...? Kukuk...”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members joined him. Among them was a moderately cool person.

“My ‘power’ for attacking... stop it? Kukuk... come, eat ‘despair’!”

“.....!”

This person was passionate. He ignored Crockta and said to the enemies, “I am the the ‘punishment’ of the black death god... I will make you mortal men pay for these deaths... kukuk...!”

“.....!”

The knights and Crockta were stunned. Crockta met Gilgamesh’s eyes. They raised their thumbs towards each other.

“.....”

“.....”

The members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ were horrified.

CHAPTER 157

EVIL SOLIDARITY (1)

“Let’s just fight.”

“Yes.”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members decided to stop listening. The battle continued. Those who headed to the south to meet Crockta, their battle power was above the average users. All of them were high-level users.

“Be careful!”

“I understand!”

In the past, it was almost impossible for users to fight against NPCs, but now they had surpassed them. Furthermore, their skills and abilities were growing quickly due to the achievement points event.

The knights outnumbered them, but the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members didn’t step back. In particular, the actions of Gilgamesh were dazzling. He both mentally and physically attacked the enemies.

“Open your hearts! Death is only an uninvited guest for those who don’t understand it. Since we were born, we have already received notice of its visit! Kukuk!”

“.....!”

“You there! What is your name?”

The confused knight replied, “T-Taiger.”

Gilgamesh used magic power, as he was a magic swordsman who gave up efficiency for power. He used his magic to produce dozens of magic swords in the air behind the enemy. The combination of ‘Paired Sword Technique and ‘Psychokinesis!’

As his accomplishments reached an essence beyond the limit, he gained a hidden class

that no one had obtained before.

The 'Blade Shadowmage'!

"Taiger! Tomorrow, your friends will be having a conversation!"

"What conversation?"

He moved his hand and dozens of swords shot towards the enemy. Gilgamesh exclaimed, "Taiger?"

"Kkack!"

"He is dead!"

His swords pierced the body of Knight Taiger. Taiger looked like a hedgehog as he was penetrated by numerous swords.

Gilgamesh closed his eyes. "Freedom doesn't come back, but revenge does. Blame it on your reckless sword and your misplaced loyalty, Taiger."

It was a class that couldn't fight for a long time due to the consumption of strength, but his brilliant technique was effective in lowering enemy morale.

One knight spoke fearfully, "There isn't just one monster...!"

The man who was always persecuted because of his excessive speech, Gilgamesh! He was now called a monster by the NPC knights. The members of 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' felt unknown emotions as they watched Gilgamesh knock down the knights.

One member of 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' who hated Gilgamesh in particular, Shaq closed his eyes as he recalled the past. He was a user who condemned Gilgamesh more than anyone else. He spoke harshly about Gilgamesh being an otaku, but Gilgamesh wasn't shaken at all as he said confidently.

'Otaku!'

'Otaku? It simply means a mania that focuses on one thing. Shaq!'

‘It is dirty!’

‘... Kukuk, okay. Coming to see me at twilight while shedding tears. If you want a fight then I’ll willingly oblige.’

Then what about now? Shaq suddenly looked at the sky.

It was just before the curtain of night covered the sky, as it shone red from the sun setting. As the glow from the western clouds grew, the clouds in the east were dark, as if night had already arrived. It was a beautiful twilight.

“...Gilgamesh, you were right.”

Shaq muttered as he aimed a spear towards a knight behind him. The knight bounced back from the blow. He barely managed to get up while raising his sword. Shaq kicked him. The knight’s helmet flew away and his face was revealed. Shaq’s spear aimed for his head.

“Knight. Tell this to the king.”

“H-His Majesty? Tell him what?”

Shaq laughed and replied, “To the ‘great king’, the grim reaper will perform his job brilliantly. Kukuk...!”

Then the spear struck. It was the end of the knight. Thanks to Crockta’s overwhelming dance and the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members, the battle was now completely one-sided.

“My greatsword is a guillotine that separates the godless ones! Stick out your necks, prisoners!”

“Come on, sword dance! Swallow the blood of the wicked!”

“Do you like this spear? It is a gift!”

Due to the attacks and damage to their spirits, the knights lost their fighting spirit and started to flee. Crockta and his fan club members finished as the sun went down.

Shaq looked at the backs of the retreating knights and asked Crockta,

“Crockta. How is it?”

Crockta looked at them. The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members were laughing while covered in blood. They had won but they weren’t in a perfect state. It was an appearance where the wounds kept increasing. Only the eyes gazing at Crockta were shining.

“Do you still not believe in our respect? Kukuk...!”

Shaq said with a smile. Gilgamesh scoffed from beside him and looked up at the distant sky.

Crockta replied, “Of course.”

“Even though we fought so hard together? I am disappointed.”

“I believe!” Crockta extended his fist and said, “I believe in my companions.”

“.....!”

Companions! They were recognized as Crockta’s companions.

Crockta had first appeared in the video against the user hunters. He showed great skill in breaking through many enemies with his bold attacks. His words about honor caused many viewers to be thrilled. Then he was active in Arnin and Chesswood.

He always fought for the weak, and eventually became a hero who handled the northern invasion alone. But this man didn’t get tired and was fighting again for peace in the south. At first, he was a weak orc struggling against three users.

When the video with the user hunters first appeared, the members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ would’ve been more powerful. However, now Crockta had become a man who could face an army alone.

The same amount of time had passed, but he had become completely different to them. It was an indomitable will. An act of faithfulness! Crockta was truly deserving of respect.

Now they were recognized as companions of such a man.

“C-Companion.”

Gilgamesh was startled. His expression was touched. It was rare for him to let go of his concept. He soon restored his expression and looked at the distant sky.

“I have found a fellow reaper of death... you are truly a brave man, kukuk! I’ll accept it for today.”

Then he reached out and bumped fists with Crockta.

“Huhut.”

“This is true.”

Shaq and the other members of the fan club bumped fists with Crockta in turn.



Shaq, a member of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’, ended his connection.

Shin Jahu was lost in the afterglow for a while after exiting the capsule. He closed his eyes on the couch and recalled the adventure he had last night.

He had gone to the south to meet Crockta and actually met him. He was much bigger and fiercer than he seemed in videos. He was riding a horse that looked pitiful. Just like Crockta’s appearance, his actions were more than imagined.

He was more than someone from a video. Despite the users in the south refusing to get involved, he was fighting against the emperor with an indomitable will.

“If it wasn’t for work...”

Anyway, he asked for understanding and ended the connection. It was because day was breaking. Koreans or people living in a similar country stopped their adventures for a while.

“There are many guests today~ but the salary is the same~ but it can’t be ruined~.” Shin Jahu sang a strange song while putting on his clothes. He felt unusually good because he had a wonderful experience. “Jajangmyeon~ sweet bean paste~ bruises~ tiger balm ointment~.”

Shin Jahu was the chef at a Chinese restaurant.

He left home. His clothing revealed his burly body. Due to his hard work, his biceps and triceps were like a muscular bodybuilder.

“I wonder what that brat Gilgamesh is doing?”

Shin Jahu presumed Gilgamesh was Japanese or Korean because he was so influenced by Japanese culture. They weren't friends in reality, but he was suddenly concerned about Gilgamesh's social life.

It was the first time he worried about Gilgamesh.

“Is this the influence of Crockta?”

While Crockta was an NPC, he felt more like a person. Through Elder Lord, Shin Jahu started to change. He didn't think about Gilgamesh with his usual disdain.

“I should make him a bowl of jajangmyeon if we ever meet.”

Shin Jahu headed for the bus stop. There was a stack of windows on the sidewalk, with more piled up on the street truck. He used it to check his face. Ah, he forgot to shave. His beard was growing. However, he didn't care.

“I am a real man~.”

He sang while passing by the truck. This was no time to worry about it. There was a group booked today so he needed to hurry to work.

At that moment.

A passenger car slightly twisted and hit the side of the truck.

Kung!

It was a mild hit. The uncle in the car opened the door and ran out. His expression was troubled.

“Da~mn. Why is this parked here?”

The uncle scratched his head and examined the truck. There wasn't a big scratch. Rather, his car bumper was more damaged. The truck's driver was absent, so the uncle tried to see if there was a phone number.

"Geez, I can see you."

Shin Jahu chuckled at the sight. Then he suddenly discovered something strange. Due to the aftermath of the conflict, the straps securing the window weren't tied properly and they came loose.

"Oh my..."

He blocked his ears and prepared for it. The windows would soon break.

"Uncle, be careful..."

Sometimes when coincidences overlapped, they ran towards an inevitable tragedy.

"Uh..."

A little boy was walking past the truck. At that moment, the stacked windows were tilting.

The kid moved without knowing anything. The yellow hat indicated that he was from a kindergarten near Shin Jahu's apartment. The yellow bag across his shoulder was also from there. The name was Green Pine Kindergarten. If the boy's eyes were any larger, then he could be mistaken for a girl.

Many thoughts crossed Shin Jahu's mind as he saw the child. Was this a kaleidoscope? He could clearly see that the child had brown eyes and brown hair, while his legs were plump and at the awkward boundary between a toddler and a child.

The kid was staring at Shin Jahu with an innocent face mixed with laughter, not knowing the fate awaiting him. The kid's body gradually got closer.

Shit.

Shin Jahu realized that he was running.

Shit, shit.

Why was he doing this? He saw the child's surprised face. It was a face frightened by the adult rushing towards him, without being aware of the windows pouring towards him from above.

There should at least be someone who praised his action. At that moment, someone's face popped up. Shin Jahu smiled while covering the boy's body. People normally recalled their past, their family or their loved ones during a moment of crisis. So why did he think about the orc raising his thumb in the game at this moment?

CHAPTER 158

EVIL SOLIDARITY (2)

There was the sound of shattering glass. People shouted with surprise as they gazed at the source of the sound. Very quickly, a crowd began to gather around. It was bloody.

“T-That...”

“Idiot.” Kim Hyunchul looked down at it from the coffee shop on the second floor and clicked his tongue.

“Why is he an idiot?” The face of Park Hansik, who was sitting across from Kim Hyunchul, hardened as he asked.

Despite the gruesome scene which had occurred before his eyes, Kim Hyunchul seemed to be emotionless. “What has been achieved? The child is hurt, and he isn’t the only one. There’s also another person who is hurt.”

“Hey.”

“Why? It’s true.”

The Hyunchul that Hansik knew wasn’t such a person. Hyunchul was very timid but warm-hearted to his friends. However, he had started to change since playing the game.

“What are you saying? He was trying to save the child.”

“Can’t I be honest? After all, if that person dies, he would be the only one losing something.”

“This jerk... Your sins will be returned to you.”

“Is this a mental victory? Encouraging good and punishing evil. It is just a concept that people use to comfort themselves.”

“Don’t say that.”

“Okay, is your job going well?”

“It is hard.”

Park Hansik took a sip of his americano and looked out the window again.

People were surrounding the scene of the accident. A woman was hugging a child in her arms, regardless of the dirt on her clothes. Meanwhile, the other people tried to do first aid on the man who protected the child, but his body was bloody and pierced with glass.

Fortunately, the man was moving, so he wasn't dead. He could hear the sound of ambulance sirens in the distance.

Suddenly, Kim Hyunchul asked, “Work is hard?”

Park Hansik looked at him. “What? Can you help me?”

“Of course. Friends should help each other.”

“Okay. I understand.”

“If you are having a really hard time, tell me, and don't hide it. I'll let you rake in money.”

“Rake in money?”

“Yes, rake in money.” Kim Hyunchul grinned slyly. “You can make a few year's worth of money at once.”

It was the same face, but he now gave off a different impression.

Park Hansik looked at Kim Hyunchul and drank his americano silently. Then he asked, “You said you played the game?”

“Yes. If you are interested...”

“Are you role playing?”

“Role play? I don't do such things.”

“I see...”

Hyunchul instantly stopped laughing. Park Hansik smiled at his expression.

Then Kim Hyunchul adjusted his posture. “Why are you smiling?”

“What?”

“Why are you smiling? I feel bad, like you are laughing at me. I’m not just playing a game. It’s business.”

At the end of Kim Hyunchul’s words, Park Hansik stopped smiling and narrowed his eyes, causing Kim Hyunchul to tense up slightly.

“.....” Park Hansik shook his head with a smile. “I’m not saying anything, you brat. Calm down.”

Hansik just wanted to tease Hyunchul, but Hyunchul’s pride was hurt for a trivial reason and he stiffened. Hyunchul had been like this since their school days. However, they were now adults and couldn’t maintain the same relationship as before.

They were no longer boys, and as adults, they had facial expressions that never existed before. Park Hansik’s head shake meant he was resigned about something. Every time he did that, he erased someone he thought of as a friend.

An old song played on the radio.

–Even though seasons come again

Where has my love gone

I didn’t send you away

I didn’t leave you either

“The song is killing my mood.” Park Hansik rose from his seat. “I’m busy, so I should be going. It was good to see you.”

“Already?”

“I told you, work is hard. I have to work without any breaks.”

“Yes, I understand. Don’t overdo it. If it is difficult, contact me.” Kim Hyunchul handed Park Hansik a card. “It is the same as going on a deep-sea fishing boat. Of course, it is much more comfortable, and there is more income. You just need to lay down for a few months or a year, as if you are sleeping. I’m telling you specifically...”

Park Hansik received the business card. It had ‘Luin, Elder Lord Clan’ written on it.

Park Hansik looked at Kim Hyunchul. Kim Hyunchul was wearing expensive clothes and an expensive watch, and he carried himself in an arrogant manner. Unpleasant emotions could be read in Hyunchuk’s eyes.

Park Hansik smiled again. “Yes. Stay well.”

Park Hansik said goodbye before turning around. Maybe he wouldn’t meet Kim Hyunchul in the future.

“You too.”

Kim Hyunchul looked at the leaving Park Hansik and leaned back. He smiled at Park Hansik. Then his nose twitched as he muttered to himself, “That child still acts as if he is in high school... Too bad.”

He grumbled and took a sip of coffee.

Then he glanced out the window. The man from earlier was being carried into an ambulance. He was talking to the paramedics while lying down, so he didn’t seem to be in any danger of dying. Then the ambulance closed its doors and departed.

There was blood left on the ground where the man had been lying. There was no feeling of exhilaration. Hyunchul had seen this kind of sight many times in Elder Lord. These days, the blood in Elder Lord seemed more familiar than that of this world. Seeing the blood splattered on the ground was like meeting a familiar face in a strange place.

Then he suddenly heard the lyrics.

–It is gradually forgotten

I thought it was a love that would stay

Another day goes by

We live apart every day

“Yes, this song is depressing.”

Kim Hyunchul closed his eyes. As he listened to Kim Kwangseok’s song, memories of his ‘Hyung-nim’ talking to him popped up.

‘The world is all about trying to survive.’

Those words...

The past Hyunchul had been considerate, but that person had died. Now, he was someone who mocked a man who had jumped to save a child, wore expensive clothes and drove a foreign car. Park Hansik, who sympathized with the man, ran a small bar and struggled to pay the monthly rent.

Anyway, the world was unfair. Those who truly realized it also discovered that they had to be unfair. If he was more unfair to those who were unfair, that unfairness would work for him.

‘A good life? Don’t make me laugh. Look at me. I am successful. Look at you. Because I live like this, I drive a foreign car. Don’t worry about the excuses of a loser and just follow me.’

“Hyung-nim was right.” Kim Hyunchul checked his phone. There was a message. It was from ‘Keynes’ who had made him like this.

It was time to work again. Kim Hyunchul got up from his seat.

Outside the cafe, a woman was sweeping up the blood-stained glass pieces. The broom was dyed red. Based on her apron, she seemed to work in a small restaurant next to the cafe.

Kim Hyunchul looked at the scene quietly and asked, “It isn’t your store, so why are you cleaning it?”

She replied back, “This is important. It is the same neighbourhood that is my home. It is ugly. I don’t want to wait for someone else to clean it up. Don’t you think?”

“Yes...”

Kim Hyunchul lit up a cigarette. There were so many good people in the world. So, he and his ‘Hyung-nim’ were bound to be successful.

“Good work.”

Kim Hyunchul spat on the floor and walked away while blowing cigarette smoke.



The emperor, Akantor, looked down at them from the throne.

Luin was always nervous meeting him, but Keynes and Rommel seemed to be fine. Keynes always said it was a game, while Rommel wasn’t the type of person to be shaken by this. Rommel had to learn all types of courtesies when Akantor had still been the king. Now that Akantor was the emperor, Rommel had to be more formal.

He was accustomed to it now, but it still wasn’t easy kneeling down. Luin was a modern man and unfamiliar with the class system. Of course, while playing Elder Lord, he learned about the class system which wasn’t visible in modern times.

“Can I trust you?”

When Akantor had been a king instead of an emperor, he had been a quiet man. He had always smiled, and he had looked more like a nobleman than a king. However, he now looked down with an arrogant face and didn’t hide his feelings. It was the right of the strong.

“If it fails, it is the end. I will prevent you from escaping to the abyss for eternity.”

Luin’s nose twitched nervously at the words. It meant Akantor would use the Concrete method. The fact that NPCs understood the weakness of those cursed by the stars gave Luin a strangely fearful feeling.

It was no different to what he felt when watching movies about robots conquering mankind. However, by walking this tightrope, they earned wealth and honour.

“We will make certain of it.” Keynes said. He excelled in gaining favour with NPCs. “Please remember the role we have played to allow Your Majesty to sit on this precious throne. We will always devote our loyalty to Your Majesty.”

“Of course. I’m well aware. However, this is the empire. We can never fail.”

“How can Your Majesty talk about failure?” Keynes bowed his head. “The trend in the world is heading towards the empire, Your Majesty. A pebble can’t stop a river. Espada will be decimated.”

“That isn’t the failure I’m talking about.” The emperor leaned against his armrest. “You have to kill that orc.”

Keynes spoke with a serious face.

“Crockta.”

“Yes. That ugly orc needs to be killed and hung at the gates. No, it would be nice to capture him alive and pour maggots and worms over him to gnaw on his body.”

The emperor’s anger had reached its peak. Everything flowed according to his will. No, it followed the blueprints presented to the emperor by Keynes and Rommel. Crockta was the exception.

The emperor wasn’t the only one who wanted to kill him. It was the same for Keynes. Crockta was an unpredictable variable for him. He wanted to get rid of Crockta and eliminate all possibilities of failure.

However...

“Your Majesty. Don’t waste our forces on him. He is an individual. An individual can never beat an army. We should look at the bigger context, and he will eventually be trampled on by the army.”

To Keynes, Crockta was a stumbling block. However, he knew how stupid it was to consume energy to catch a bug.

Luin nodded as he listened to the conversation. Keynes used to say this to Luin.

“He is a strong person, but he will lost the moment he goes against an army. He is

alone. He is strong and difficult to catch, but not fatal. He is tricky like a mosquito. It is better for us to ignore him than worry about him. When winter comes, the mosquito will freeze and die.”

Looking back at how much Crockta had interfered with them, Luin came to admire Keynes’ sober judgment. Luin thought about using the full force of the army to kill Crockta. However, Keynes was right. Crockta was a monster who beat Adandator. He would somehow manage to run away.

They just needed to do their jobs. Then one day, Crockta would be found as a corpse on the battlefield.

The emperor said, “I want his head.”

Keynes bowed his head.

“If Your Majesty...”

“But you always speak the right words. If it were someone else, I would set up a trap to kill Crockta.”

It was a gentle tone toward a faithful servant.

Luin laughed inwardly. Keynes would also be smiling. Everything went as Keynes said.

The young emperor was merely a child who wanted to play a game. Sometimes he wanted to be dignified, while other times he wanted to be impulsive. There were also times when he wanted to be praised as a king.

He had flimsy ambitions.

Then at that moment...

“Your Majesty, an imperial guard is waiting to see you.”

The guard shouted from outside the throne room. Then the emperor replied, “Send him in.”

The door opened. A servant entered and knelt down before the emperor.

“Your Majesty, I am an officer on the west side, Gospel.

“Yes. What is going on?”

“I saw this and thought Your Majesty should know...”

He held out a piece of paper. It was a letter.

“This is being sent out randomly all over the empire.”

“What is this...?”

The emperor accepted it. The guard closed his eyes and fell facedown. His choice was right.

Kwaang!

The emperor threw an ornament decorating his throne.

“Rommel! Keynes!”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“I want that garbage orc called Crockta on his knees before me! I will give you Adandator and the White Lion Knights! Go right now!” The emperor’s face distorted into a scowl. “Catch Crockta!”

CHAPTER 159

EVIL SOLIDARITY (3)

“He is either stupid or clever,” Keynes muttered. He was currently talking about Crockta. “He isn’t stupid, so why would he do such a stupid act?”

“In my opinion...”

“I’m not asking you.”

Keynes glared at Luin, who fell silent. It was rare for Keynes to show such a temper tantrum. Instead, the silent Rommel opened his mouth, “He is a beast.”

Keynes nodded and said, “A beast, a plausible yet strange analogy.”

“He is smart, but only in comparison to other stupid beasts.”

“And humans are people?” Keynes said with a laugh.

He appreciated Rommel. He respected the parts of Rommel that couldn’t be controlled, and that he had high abilities.

“Don’t you know that humans sacrifice themselves for others? But in the end, their instincts are to survive and reproduce.”

“I saw it in a book.”

“Sacrifice is an emotional thing. Follow the calculations of reasoning, not emotions. That is what a human is. Monkeys are those who follow emotions. Of course, it is funny when speaking about NPCs who have an artificial intelligence.”

“It is interesting.”

Keynes nodded. The answer was interesting. He learned a bit more about the person called Rommel. Keynes was a person who controlled others, but sometimes he needed people like Rommel. A partner who could think along the same lines as him.

“Luin.”

“Yes, Brother.”

“Are the clan kids arriving soon?”

“Huh? Yes.”

“I am speaking of the ‘fortunate’ kids...” Keynes touched his chin. “If you think about it, you should do it properly. Then you can achieve your lifelong dream here.”

“Huh?”

“You don’t understand?”

“One person... are you saying you sent it?”

Keynes laughed, “Hey, it is a joke. Threaten them. Intimidate them. Do it well. Be a bad person. A bad person who properly manages those fortunate kids.”

“Ahh...” Luin nodded. “Yes. That is my specialty. I will manage the kids.”

Luin grinned and left the room. He was in such a hurry that he didn’t even close the door.

Keynes looked at his back and clicked his tongue. “Tsk tsk...”

Rommel suddenly asked. “What are you playing at in regards to Luin?”

“Playing?”

“Don’t you consider controlling people a game? You play with Emperor Akantor. Duke Christian was just a game.”

Keynes laughed. That’s right. He steered people. It was possible because he gave them what they wanted. He made them think it was what they intended to do. People were engrossed in Keynes’ sweet words and played like he wanted.

“Luin wants to play a bad guy.”

“Play a bad guy...”

“As a child, he was ignored while growing up. What could he do, when he didn’t have any power? So he just pretended to live a good life. Then once he got money and a nice car, he did bad things and spit in God’s face. A truly clumsy bastard.”

“But I thought you regarded him as a brother.”

“Slightly. But this is this and that is that. I like him. His thoughts are transparent.”

Keynes chuckled. Rommel also smiled and examined the map of the southern continent on the wall. The class ‘War Maestro’ wasn’t just a name. He was always working.

“How about me?” Rommel asked.

“You?”

“What type of play are you doing with me?”

Rommel looked at Keynes.

Keynes laughed and opened the bottle placed on the table, “You are playing next to me. It is interesting.”

Keynes acknowledged Rommel in his own way. Rommel received a cup.

“What about you?”

“Me? I...”

Keynes and Rommel made a toast. Soon they would lead the emperor’s army. It was the best accomplishment they could enjoy as a user. The message window to celebrate their achievements kept flashing.

“I’m not playing. This is just me.”

Keynes drank the alcohol and laughed.



Crockta lifted a pen. The world of Elder Lord was really mysterious. He wrote a letter while thinking in Korean, but the words that appeared were in the continent's language instead of Korean. Nevertheless, he could understand the meaning.

"We, what are we doing now?"

A member of 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' asked miserably while moving his pen. Unlike his facial expression, his hand was dazzling.

"I don't know, we..."

Gilgamesh listened to their conversation and said, "Perhaps it is 'fear'...? Kukuk, I'm envious... I lost such emotional nuances a long time ago... Kukukuk...!"

"....."

"Whew... Shaq should've been..."

Every time Gilgamesh said such things, Shaq would promptly attack him. Now there was no one restraining him. One person sighed.

"What is going on with Shaq?"

"He posted on the forum. It seemed like something happened."

Shaq wrote on the forum that he wouldn't be able to connect to Elder Lord for a while. Everybody accepted it because they had their own lives. But due to his writing, the five members with Crockta became known. Shaq was lost so there were now only four, but they started to be called Crockta's five apostles in the community.

"There is no one else coming?"

"They can't come to the south."

There were people who wanted to join. But when Crockta had been fighting the empire, they withdrew from the south. The type of users who could fight against the knights of the south wasn't common.

“It looks like we really will die...” one of Crockta’s five apostles muttered.

They were currently writing letters of propaganda that provoked the emperor. Each of them would show their talent at mocking the emperor, drawing cartoons that would be sent to him. The letters would target everywhere, from the nobles to commoners, scholars, mages and even the Imperial Palace.

A person with the stealth skill would infiltrate the empire and sneak it into the post office. The goal was to provoke the emperor.

“Just send this amount and then stop. They will begin to start tracking it.”

“Yes.”

Unlike her worries, she started to show off her artistic talents.

Everyone did their best. Gilgamesh even drew a picture of the naked emperor being whipped.

Crockta scratched his head. “It is a bit...”

“Kukuk... Crockta, perhaps...” Gilgamesh lowered his voice. “Are you afraid of the emperor...?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Then it doesn’t matter what the level of this letter is.”

“That is true.”

“So Crockta, take this pen and add things. More irritating! Make the emperor so angry that he loses his hair!”

“Yes!”

Crockta lifted the pen. Then he began to add his own style to Gilgamesh’s work. An arrow was placed above the head of the stripped and whipped emperor, then words added.

[This is a wig. The emperor is bald.]

It was propaganda stating that the emperor was bald.

“Hah...!” Gilgamesh covered his mouth with his hands. It was hard to believe his eyes. “No blood, no tears, no slander...! Any adults looking at this will shake in anger, not just the emperor. This is truly...! Kukuk...!”

“This is the scale of Crockta.”

“Indeed, your sense of justice is unlike anyone else... kukukuk...!”

Everyone finished their work. A member of the thief class grabbed the packet of letters. He would go into the empire and send letters. There would even be a letter sent directly to the emperor.

“Will the emperor truly move?”

“Those with power are surprisingly simple.”

Crockta intended to bring the enemy’s attack to himself. Using a common word, it was to attract aggro. The imperial troops were spread out over the entire south. Villagers who surrendered were already provided labor for the empire’s convenience. If this happened, it would be hard to save the people. It was better to anger the emperor and gather the army.

“However, once the emperor has gathered his troops...”

But the others were worried.

“Are you sure about this?”

Crockta’s point was true, but for this strategy to be successful, they needed to be able to deal with the enemy. There was no point gathering the enemy only to die. And they believed that Crockta had a clear way. Maybe an army of orcs would appear. Or maybe the cities of the continent will help...

But Crockta just shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t know.”

“Huh?”

“I have no thoughts.” Crockta told them. “I will think about it after the enemies gather.”

“.....!”

It was a shocking answer. He had no thoughts. However, they strangely weren’t worried. As long as they were with Crockta, it felt like they could succeed in anything.

“Let’s think about it later. Kulkulkul, bul’tar!”

“Huhu.”

“Kukuk!”

They nodded. If they worried about the future, they wouldn’t have succeeded in the many fights they experienced.

In the video of the fight at Chesswood, Crockta had said,

‘That is the calculations of a human.’

He had different calculations than humans. His formula didn’t consider things like the size and strength of the enemy. Even though it changed from a village to the empire, this person’s calculations hadn’t changed at all.

How far could this man go?

The users exchanged glances.

“Everyone, are you going to do it all the way?”

“Of course.”

“Kukuk...”

They would die. From the viewpoint of the users, this was a reckless quest. It was an impossible mission with a hell difficulty, where the odds was close to zero. But it didn’t matter. They were now with Crockta. This was the most fun they had in Elder Lord.

Crockta told them. “If the emperor’s eyes turn away from other villages and come to catch us, that is enough.”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ decided to just follow Crockta and see what would happen. Anyway, he was a man impervious to calculations.

Their plan was successful. There was news that the imperial army was converging.



“Guys! Everybody listen,” Keynes said.

Those in front of him were the elites of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

“At this time, Rommel and I have become nobles.”

The members of the Heaven and Earth Clan applauded. It hadn’t been possible for a user to become a noble since the launch of Elder Lord, so this was an unimaginable accomplishment.

“Guys. Is Elder Lord fun?” Keynes smiled. “Where else could you kill people and pillage villages? This is why Elder Lord is fun. We can do things we’ve always wanted to do, but never could.”

The Heaven and Earth members laughed. In the past, they had won wars, trampled the rebels under the emperor’s name, and enjoyed all sorts of looting. They carried out the actions without any hesitation because it was a game.

They finally understood why there were endless wars in human history. The winners who were given rights coveted it again, just like drugs.

“Dialph, no, Park Kwangchul.”

He called a clan member. The clan members focused their attention. Keynes only called their real name when something important happened.

“Weren’t you praised because you worked well before?”

“Yes!”

“I sent money to your account.”

“Huh?”

“You’ll die if you use it for something else.” Keynes approached him and touched his shoulder. “Use it for a car, a foreign car. Understood?”

“.....!”

The clan members all understood his will. Prior to any important work, Keynes would raise morale by giving out rewards. It was a message that all of them could get a reward like Dialph. In addition, the prize was enormous.

“After buying it, send me a picture to prove it.”

Keynes laughed and Dialph bowed with a thrilled face.

“Brother, thank you!”

“You should thank your parents, for giving birth to such a wonderful son. I just showed my appreciation.”

“Thank you, Brother!”

“This brat. Come on everyone. I don’t want him to be the only hard worker.” Keynes tapped his shoulder before going to stand next to Luin. Luin grinned as he raised his shoulders.

“When the war begins, listen to Rommel. Rommel is the best.”

Of course, there was no need to ask. Rommel’s ‘War Maestro’ was a fraudulent class that forced soldiers on the battlefield to obey him.

“Let’s play a fun game today. Heaven and Earth!”

“War!”

CHAPTER 160

EMPIRE'S PUBLIC ENEMY (1)

The territory of the kingdom, which had occupied a corner of the south, was now greatly expanded. The separated lands of humans were merged together by the emperor. The size of it was equal to the land of the remaining species combined.

"Everything has gone as I envisioned."

"That is the plan."

"Yes. I can't say that everything obtained was just through luck."

Keynes recalled the past as he looked at the map of the continent. He borrowed the power of a human earl and succeeded in killing the legendary orc Lenox. Thanks to that, he was able to establish a relationship with the nobles.

The plan sped up because he joined forces with Rommel, who had already been recognized by the nobles. And thus, he met the king. The young king had merely been a symbol. At the time, he was just a link that weaved the humans together under the name of the kingdom.

But Keynes was able to see the ambition in the king's eyes. Eureka! It was a strange feeling. It felt like he developed a meaning.

He manipulated the people around him. However, he wasn't an instructor who raised those who had stopped running; he was quite the opposite. He whispered at the side of those who were already running and lured them down the path he wanted.

"Then how did you think about making the king an emperor?"

"Akantor was originally someone with the ambition, and I had the strength to bring it out. I was lucky. My plan worked."

"You are too modest." Rommel whistled.

Keynes grinned. Rommel was one of the few people he could truly converse with.

Rommel's class was a War Maestro, and he was talented in many ways. Even his mind was good. Before the launch of Elder Lord, when PC games were still popular, Rommel was a professional gamer.

"Then, what type of idea do you have?"

"Here." Keynes pointed to something on the map.

"Ha..." Rommel saw it and smiled. There weren't many cases where Rommel smiled like this. "This is a big idea."

"Hahahahat. You recognize it."

Keynes was a thorough realist. He enjoyed Elder Lord in order to build wealth in reality. He and Rommel had already made huge sums of money as the leaders of Heaven and Earth. Now he wasn't satisfied with just that.

"A species war."

Keynes would use the genius of war, Rommel, to make the empire trample on the other species.

When considering how achievement points were gained by affecting the world of Elder Lord, the achievement points and wealth that would pour down on them would be several times higher than what they currently accumulated.

It was at the scale of Elder Lord's devastation. Maybe it would be devastated to a point where it was impossible to play the game. At that time, the publishers would either break their rules of non-intervention or reset the server. Anyway, by the time he would've quit Elder Lord.

"Let's burn down the world."

"Good."

The two looked at each other and grinned.

"You intend to create a cataclysm to gain marvelous achievement points?"

"That's right."

Keynes confirmed his status window and saw that his achievement points were constantly being updated. Even though he was still, his achievement points were accumulating due to the activities of his clan members.

But he didn't receive any compensation that was of great use to him right now.

"I think so as well."

People thought Keynes had an ordinary magician class. He made them believe that. He professed himself as the magician class. However, he had a hidden class that no one except for Rommel could reach.

'Evil Whisperer'. It was a class that specialized not just in magic, but also skills that affected the other person's mind. His words and deeds exercised control over people. People trusted him and followed his commands. With just a few words, he could turn an opponent into a loyal subordinate.

It was the ability that best suited him. He would now whisper evil words into the ears of the emperor and the nobles, and the continent would fall into the flames of war.

"We've already obtained many good things."

"Oh, Brother is also a hidden."

"Yes."

Only Rommel knew that he had a hidden class. However, he didn't tell Rommel the information about it.

Keynes, he was able to get the hidden class because maybe someone wanted him to.

The system messages. In the early days, the system messages were a mechanical system that transmitted elements of the game. As he fought bigger battles and earned more achievements, the messages came closer to his personal feelings.

When he first started a war and slaughtered people, he gained achievement points and the system said,

[Great slaughter! While it is a malicious act, at the same time, it is a tremendous achievement. I look forward to the bigger wars that you will cause!]

Then Keynes felt something. He had a vague feeling. The world of Elder Lord was helping him.

At that time, he heard something outside the door.

“Keynes! Rommel! Can I come in?”

“Uh, come in.”

The door opened and a clan member entered. “There is a letter.”

“A letter? From who?”

He tilted my head to the side.

“Isn’t it ‘that’ thing?”

“Ah, that.”

They were talking about the random letters sent out by Crockta. It was the latest topic in the empire. Crockta wanted all the attention to be focused on him and he was successful. He was a moderately clever guy.

Right now, the empire was seething with anger towards Crockta. The empire’s public enemy, Crockta.

“He is creative so I wonder what is written here.”

Keynes chuckled and opened the letter. He checked the contents. Then his face stiffened.

“.....”

Keynes’s stiff expression melted away. He laughed and stated.

“Clever.”

Keynes handed the letter to Rommel. Rommel read it.

“He is smart. This guy is for real. If this was what he intended, it is successful.” Rommel

nodded. Keynes banged the table.

“Above everything else, we have to kill this guy. That would be better. It doesn’t matter since this guy intends to draw the aggro. So I feel relieved. I can kill him.”

The NPCs of Elder Lord were realistic. They were amazingly realistic and had their own logic and philosophies. Keynes and Rommel had grown through their cooperation with NPCs, so they knew this better than anyone else.

NPCs were clever. Enough to catch up with users.

“I know this, you jerk. We are tied together.”

In the letter Crockta sent, he had only written a single line.

[Remember Lenox.]

Lenox was killed a long time ago and became a foothold for him to reach this position. But due to that, the Thawing Balhae Clan died. He thought that was the end. But the old revenge he believed was over had come back for them.

Crockta hadn’t just accidentally tangled with the empire. His two eyes were always staring straight at them. Until one of the two of them were gone, it would be a fight to the end.

‘You will never be able to bear what you have done today.’

Lenox’s voice that he heard on that day washed over him again.



Adandator raised his sword.

He was defeated by Crockta. Since then, every time he lifted his sword, Crockta’s illusion was staring at him. His spirit became chaotic. He couldn’t hold the sword anymore and dropped it.

“Shit.”

He threw the sword towards the fireplace. The sword rolled across the floor a few

times before becoming quiet. The blade would be damaged.

‘A swordsman should think of the blade as his lover.’

His father always said so. His father saw the blade as his lover, yet he was a third-rate knight who never reached the Pinnacle. It was a time when the Paklinche’s family’s sword had disappeared. The family declined and no one remembered them.

“Look.”

They were the family that produced the most famous traitor in history. Leyteno Paklinche, the worst knight who sided with orcs and killed humans. People supported the Paklinche family when they were strong, but once they lost strength and fell, the people hit them in the face. Those were the hard days.

Adandator never forgot those insults. So he crazily swung his sword. From the moment he closed his eyes to the time he opened them, he only thought about the sword. It was a near crazy obsession. He was able to become the best knight in the kingdom.

“He’ll beat me again.”

He knew how convenient the word ‘talent’ was. People said that Adandator was a genius. He was called the best talent of the empire. However, he lived every moment with the blade. His head was calculating the sword’s trajectory, even when he was eating or sleeping. He looked at the full bloom of a rose and saw a sword in the structure of the stamen and pistil.

He didn’t believe that was talent. Humans had no limitations. It was obvious whenever he was knocked down to the ground. He would come back stronger and beat the faces of those laughing at him.

But now he couldn’t swing his sword. This was the first time.

“Why?”

He muttered as he closed his eyes. He imagined an invisible sword in his hand and thought about the formula. An image formed in the darkness. The countless enemies and knights he faced in his life passed by. Now they were easy opponents.

He recalled the sword of Earl Bendeker, a powerhouse.

His sword was flexible and couldn't be caught. The earl seemed to be pushed back, but then he used a soft sword that reversed the attack and slashed at the opponent's neck. It wasn't easy when he thought about it again. Adandator concentrated.

In his imagination, he gradually got used to Earl Bendeker's technique. Adandator received a lot of damage from the tricky skill, but Adandator's sword eventually stabbed his heart. At least his sword could be wielded if a certain strong person was in front of him.

But Crockta was different. At the time of the duel, Adandator clearly had the advantage until he faced an unknown light. But now he couldn't remember how he pushed Crockta.

A dead wall. He couldn't defeat Crockta, no matter how many times he repeated it in his head. He couldn't even imagine it. This was the first time.

"Don't make me laugh..." He raised a new sword. Then he swung it in the air. A wave of energy ripped through the air. "The orc who follows Leyteno..."

He learned all the swordsmanship techniques of the Paklinche family. Therefore, he was able to recognize Crockta's swordsmanship. The orc's greatsword style was clearly taken from Leyteno. Now it had developed into his own technique, but the base was definitely from Leyteno.

And the root of Leyteno's swordsmanship was the Paklinche family. In the end, it was a swordsmanship associated with Adandator's family.

"Shit! Shit!"

He shouted and the sword hit the ground again.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

He relentlessly threw the sword against the ground. There was no sword capable of enduring the abuse of the empire's strongest knight. The blade was broken. He kicked the fragments and threw the handle.

Complete despair. It sank down on him. It was a terrible feeling he had never felt

before. He couldn't understand Crockta and the light that was produced. Trying to understand the unknown concept caused an obsession that was close to madness.

"Shit..."

He flopped down. He took deep breaths and tried to calm down. He barely managed to calm himself.

Then he asked, "What's going on?"

"....."

His butler was approaching. He stood where the sword had been broken. "There is a letter."

"That thing."

Crockta's letters were a hot topic in the empire. Each letter insulted the emperor in a novel way. Some nobles of the empire were secretly collecting them.

The butler approached and handed it over. Adandator opened the letter. Then he started laughing. The emperor's features were surprisingly alive. The emperor was in wet bedclothes and speaking insulting remarks. There was no context so he couldn't help laughing.

"This is like a child's game." Adandator burst out laughing. "I lost to a child like this?"

He got up from his seat.

The butler said, "The imperial empire has got in contact."

"What is it?"

"There is an army forming to deal with Crockta. The commander is Rommel. The White Lion Knights have also been called."

"The knights..." He was the leader of the White Lions and they were the best power in the empire. "This letter has angered His Majesty."

Adandator laughed. Emperor Akantor was still young. He didn't have the qualities of

an emperor yet.

“Crockta?”

“According to reports, he was recently sighted near Nataliya Forest.

“Not Espada?”

“That’s right.”

“I see.”

Adandator closed his eyes. The feeling simmering in his chest constantly tormented him. It was making one demand. If he followed it, this crazy feeling would disappear. He couldn’t lift his sword on his own. He couldn’t see the answer. An unreachable enemy. All of these things were making him breathless. An answer was needed.

“Listen carefully.”

“Yes.”

“I’m going somewhere now.”

“...Huh?” The butler’s eyes widened. “I told you that the White Lion Knights are convening.”

“I am sick.”

“His Majesty...”

“If he comes to find me, tell him that I am sick and I can’t move.”

It was the truth. He couldn’t concentrate on anything. At this rate, he might go crazy with frustration. He had already ruined two swords. There was no other way. He needed to resolve this.

“For the time being, Adandator Paklinche is ill. I went to see a famous healer in the land of the elves.”

“.....”

“Do you understand? I won’t change my decision.”

“Hoo, I understand.” His faithful butler nodded. He absolutely followed Adandator Paklinche. Adandator was the one who brought the family back from the brink of ruin.

“Then prepare my baggage.”

“Where are you heading?”

“Nataliya Forest.”

“Surely you aren’t going to Crockta! That place is dangerous!”

“I’m not going to fight.” Adandator grabbed his head. “I need an answer.”

He was going to ask Crockta. The shape of Crockta that blocked Adandator every time he lifted a sword. The despair that made him unable to swing the sword. He had to ask that person for the answer.

“Crockta is the empire’s public enemy. If you get in touch with him without fighting...”

“That is why I need to meet him even more. Of course, that isn’t the only reason.” It wasn’t just to help Adandator. “The emperor is currently mistaken.”

Crockta had shown that ‘light.’ Adandator experienced it directly so he could tell. If Crockta could use it freely, the empire might collapse. The White Lion Knights, the Blue Dragon Lancers and any other elites, they couldn’t endure that light.

“It is also for the empire.”

The butler bowed.

CHAPTER 161

EMPIRE'S PUBLIC ENEMY (2)

Crockta was waiting for the emperor's army in the vicinity of Nataliya Forest. He couldn't deal with a large army alone, so he chose the forest.

He would do guerrilla warfare. If the field of view was limited and wild beasts were present, he was confident that he could face the enemies. Of course, it was on the premise that there weren't any people like Adandator present.

Crockta held his greatsword as he recalled the duel with Adandator. It was a good test. Crockta was able to see that Adandator's swordsmanship was the result of patience and hard work. All the movements were repeated and his swords worn out. It was an extreme obsession.

Crockta was reminded of Hoyt when he saw Adandator. He had some resemblance to Hoyt, who repeated the movements hundreds of thousands of times. If there were more knights like Adandator, this fight would be dangerous.

"Bul'tar!"

A blow to the air. There was a shallow scratch on the tree. Crockta wielded his sword like crazy. Every time he wielded it, the blade tore at the tree. But despite his violent movements, the trees only received a few minor injuries.

It was extreme control. He only touched the tree with the tip of his sword before releasing it.

He dropped the sword.

Crockta took a deep breath. He looked up at the sky. In the thick forest that covered the sky, a few crows looked down at him and cried out.

"A crow is auspicious, but it is also a disaster."

In South Korea, the crying of a crow was a bad omen, but it was auspicious in the west. If so, what about the guest who had just come?

Crockta turned around. It was a guest he hadn't expected. Crockta raised his hand towards the person riding towards him.

"It has been a while."

A man holding a sword. Adandator. He wasn't dressed as a knight.

"Have you been well? Orc."

"I am Crockta. Human."

Crockta laughed. Although he won, Adandator was certainly powerful. They knew each other's level, so there was an unknown bond between them. There was respect, despite the fact that they might kill each other.

"Why did you come? I thought you just followed the Emperor."

"The emperor doesn't have anything to do with me." Adandator dragged the baggage he was carrying on his back. "I came because I have a request."

"A request?"

"Yes. A request." He approached Crockta. "Tell me about your sword."

Crockta looked at Adandator. It was an intense gaze. Adandator came here because of the light that appeared when he was defeated.

Crockta formed a fist.

"Keok!"

Adandator flew a short distance before hitting a tree and falling to the ground. He was stunned by the impact.

Crockta approached.

"Kuk..."

"I don't believe those who break their oaths."

Crockta placed his foot on Adandator's body. Then he used his strength.

"Cough...!"

"Get lost."

Crockta spat out.

Their duel was definitely a fight for Alaste's freedom. Crockta won. However, Alaste was devastated. Then Crockta decided to destroy the empire. Crockta gradually increased his weight. Adandator was unable to withstand it and started trembling.

However, he looked up at Crockta and smiled. "I guess, cough, you are angry."

"Of course."

"I will let you know. All the nobles opposed the invasion of Alaste."

Crockta's eyes narrowed. "So?"

"I did as well."

"Then why didn't you stop it?"

"The emperor arbitrarily sent his troops. Those who were cursed by the stars."

"....."

"Then I came to realize. The empire is galloping. It is a horse that can no longer be stopped. I can't stop the emperor's decisions." Crockta removed his foot from Adandator. He barely managed to get up. "Cough, the empire and the emperor have nothing to do with why I'm here. I want to know about your sword."

Crockta turned around. "I don't believe you."

"I will give you information." Adandator shouted. "I'll tell you about the empire. It is necessary if you want to fight the emperor."

Crockta turned to him.

“.....”

“Are you interested now?”

“Why are you going so far?”

“Didn’t I already say it? I want to know about your sword.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s it.” Adandator took out a sword. “That is all. Since you and I fought, I can barely hold my sword. When I raise the sword, you appear and block me. I’m going crazy. Give me the answer.”

“That is your reason.”

“What other reason is needed? I am sincere right now.”

Crockta laughed.

He was a stupid guy. Crockta was sometimes curious about the person called the empire’s best talent. He wanted to know how Adandator became so strong. Crockta realized something. Adandator wasn’t that mysterious or great.

He was just obsessed. If he didn’t get what he wanted, he wouldn’t be able to breathe until he got it. And this guy only wanted the sword.

“Are there any knights in the empire as strong as you?”

“No. Earl Bendeker is retired. The rest aren’t at my standard. Some knight leaders have reached the Pinnacle but not beyond that.”

Crockta raised his greatsword.

“What does the emperor want? A species war?”

“I don’t know. There isn’t enough interview.”

The bushes would constrain his movements. It was an unfavorable battlefield for Crockta since he used a greatsword. However, he didn’t care. Those who failed to kill

the opponent were dead warriors. They wouldn't always fight in an open environment that was favorable to them.

Crockta swung his greatsword first. Adandator promptly responded. The two blades hit each other.

"What is the Heaven and Earth Clan's position in the empire?"

"Those who were cursed by the stars."

Their swords collided. Gradually, their attacks reached the area of the Pinnacle. In the tranquil forest, the two of them moved quickly. Crockta's sword smashed the forest while aiming at Adandator's body. Adandator desperately defended.

"Are you going to just defend?"

"....."

Adandator was unable to attack. It was the same as when he was handling a sword alone. Crockta kept blocking him. He couldn't attack.

"...They came up under the sponsorship of Duke Christian and now they are by the emperor's side. Rommel is excellent at commanding in battle. I have to admit it."

"How so?"

"He turns fools into trained soldiers."

"....."

"I have never seen such a commander. While he did go through a few wars in the past, his abilities are still amazing nonetheless."

Crockta nodded. It was thanks to the War Maestro class. As far as he knew from the broadcasts and media, Choi Hansung had the skills to strengthen the soldiers, control them and eliminate any fear of war.

"This time, the emperor even gave him a troop of knights. Be careful."

"I see."

Well-trained knights would bring tremendous synergy to Rommel.

Crockta once again pushed Adandator back. Adandator was perplexed. He thought he would be okay if he met Crockta in person and swung the sword. However, it wasn't the case. He could only act passively. He didn't dare swing his sword at Crockta, as it felt like he was facing a dead end wall.

Adandator laughed. "... Have you become stronger?"

"A little."

After beating Adandator, Crockta had more experience with the Hero realm. His overall abilities had increased since then, so he was able to deal with Adandator much easier.

"....."

Adandator grit his teeth. It would be the same in the future.

"Show me." Adandator raised his sword and declared, "Crockta, I can wield my sword after facing you. Even now I can't swing my sword. That light, what on earth is it?"

"That..." Crockta puffed up his chest and shamelessly stated, "I don't know."

".....!"

"It just happened. I can't do it again."

That's right. Since then, Crockta couldn't use that power again. It was a realm that he only glimpsed for a moment.

"What?" Adandator was dumbfounded. "Really?"

"Really."

"....."

Adandator's face distorted.

"Only... I was defeated by a technique you accidentally used?"

“That’s right. Defeated.”

“That...”

His first official defeat in front of everyone. He had lost when it was a significant battle for the empire. However, it was just a coincidence. It wasn’t Crockta’s real ability.

“Huhuhu...” Adandator laughed and raised his sword before suddenly rushing forward. “This fucking orc bastard!”

“Opportunist bastard, you reveal your true nature.” Crockta raised his sword and declared, “I tested you once in order to understand you.”

“.....!”

“I can actually use it.”

Adandator stopped his sword. “R-Really?”

“That’s right.”

“.....”

Adandator coughed, “I reacted too early. I will apologize. It was only once...”

At that moment, Crockta’s fist hit his abdomen.

“Cough!”

“Trying to cheat again? You are naive.”

“Y-You jerk...!”

“I was lying. But even without it, you are below me, Adandator.”

“Bastard!”

Adandator threw down his sword and ran at Crockta, who also abandoned his weapon. Adandator threw his body at Crockta. The two opponents dumped their swords and continued to struggle for awhile. Their fists hit each other’s faces.

It was an unsightly dog fight between the empire's strongest knight and the orc warrior who defeated him.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" Crockta was on top of him and Adandator shook his head. "Wait a minute!"

"What?"

Crockta paused his fist and looked down. Adandator was holding both hands together.

"I lost."

"....."

"Don't hit my face. I surrender."

Crockta grinned. "It is good that you can admit it."

He got up. At that moment, Adandator grabbed some dirt on the ground and threw it into Crockta's face.

".....!"

"You were tricked!"

Crockta rubbed his eyes as Adandator threw his battered body forward. It was a big size difference, but Adandator was able to build up a lot of strength over the past few years. His fists relentlessly hit Crockta.

"Cough! C-Coward...!"

"It isn't like that!"

These types of techniques were also required in knight training. Adandator was good in boxing techniques. He threw out a jab and once Crockta protected his face, he hit Crockta's forehead with a wind hook fist.

Papak!

Crockta's body shook.

“It is the end...!”

The moment he was going to kick Crockta’s chin...

Crockta disappeared.

“What...?”

His body had bent down. Then Crockta picked up Adandator’s body.

“Wait a minute, wait a minute, that is cheating...”

“Were there any rules in this fight?”

“It is supposed to be bare fists. I will die. That is a rock.”

Crockta’s body shook. He was laughing.

“Huhuhuhu...” Crockta told him. “Then die.”

He leaned forward. Adandator screamed as he headed towards the ground.

“Kyaaaack!”

His head was about to hit the ground. Just before his skull collapsed, his body stopped moving.

“.....”

Crockta had stopped just before Adandator would be killed. Crockta lifted him again and placed him safely on the floor.

“.....”

Adandator was speechless.

“Hey, is it that scary? Did you pee?”

“.....”

“Hey?”

Crockta called out to him.

Adandator. He was teary-eyed.

“.....!”

“You... bastard orc...!” Adandator swung his fist. Of course, the target was Crockta.
“That isn’t true, you bastard...!”

“Are you a crybaby? Haha.”

“I will kill you!”

“Yes yes, a crybaby.”

“You son of a bitch!” Adandator grabbed his sword on the ground and swung it at Crockta. “Ahhhhhhh!”

He reached the realm of Hero in an instant and attacked Crockta. Crockta also used the Hero realm to deal with the attack. The tentacles of causality tangled together. But in the end, Adandator was pushed back. Crockta was more experienced with the Hero realm and Adandator, who had fallen into a slump, was unable to narrow that gap.

Crockta looked down at him and said, “Hey.”

“This bastard...”

“How is it? Can you now wield the sword against me?”

“.....!”

Adandator’s eyes widened.

Crockta grinned. “That light, you will know what it is if you keep training. You were just afraid.”

“Nonsense...”

“We are creatures who like using our fists and stumble when the temple is hit. Don’t choke.”

“Talking nonsense...” Adandator covered his eyes and laughed. “Orc bastard who is good at lying, talking nonsense...”

“This is the end.”

Crockta sprinkled dirt from the floor on Adandator’s face. Adandator spat out the dirt and cursed. Crockta burst out laughing.

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members returned to the forest. They found a laughing Crockta and a man lying on the floor.

CHAPTER 162

EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (1)

“By the way, it is incredible,” said one of the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members as he moved a ladle through a big pot of stew. His name was Alex.

“Leaving your country for the sake of the sword...”

Adandator’s eyes flashed as he opened them. “It is because I am willing to leave the country that I’m so good at the sword. Haha.”

Adandator was a named NPC. He was called the strongest knight in the south, a land with the largest number of human users. Another named NPC, Northern Conqueror Crockta had beaten Adandator in a duel.

Crockta and Adandator were now sitting in front of them. This was the best place as a user of Elder Lord.

“I guess you grew up with a spoon in your mouth,” Crockta suddenly said.

“Huh?”

“Look at you abandoning your country because your sword is blocked. You are a noble, yet you grew up into such a selfish person.”

The members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ looked at Adandator after Crockta’s words. Adandator sat there pretending to be unconcerned, but his hands were shaking.

“Besides, aren’t I stronger because I work hard and have talent? Then this prideful guy appeared.”

“You bastard!” Adandator couldn’t bear it anymore and jumped up.

“Do you want to play again?” Crockta laughed while tapping his greatsword.

Adandator took deep breaths and closed his eyes, before slowly sinking back into his

seat.

“.....”

“Well done.” Crockta explained to the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members. “This is what I call re-socialization. The process of regaining anger control and sociability...”

“Not true!” Adandator pulled out his sword and pointed it at Crockta. “Let’s do it again!”

Crockta shrugged and said, “You still need some lessons in socialization.”

Crockta got up from his spot. It didn’t take long this time. Crockta dragged Adandator, who was now limp, and placed him next to the pot.

“Kulkulkul.”

Adandator raised his head as he slowly regained his spirit.

“Kuoong...”

He held his head and groaned as if it were in pain.

“It smells good.”

Crockta didn’t care and examined the contents of the pot. The stew meat that Crockta had hunted and the forest’s spices and herbs. The meat wasn’t spared and rose to the surface, revealing all of the fat.

“It might be hard later so enjoy this meal.”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members grew nervous at Crockta’s words. Crockta’s letters had brought the emperor’s wrath upon them, and now the empire’s great army would come. Crockta made his enemies come to him, meaning that while the other areas would be safe, they were in a more deadly crisis.

“You can escape at any time.”

“No,” they replied.

Crockta nodded. The Heaven and Earth Clan was among the enemies. There were only a few 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' users here, but they would try their best. They followed Crockta despite knowing this risk.

The silent Adandator suddenly asked, "Do you really believe you can win?"

He knew the empire well. Then he told Crockta what he knew. The empire was too big to break down with this power. Apart from the well-trained troops, the abundant crops were endlessly harvested. Furthermore, the knights and magicians were trained with an organized system. Crockta might be strong but he couldn't deal with all those people. It might be possible with that flash of light, but it wasn't enough because Crockta couldn't fully use it yet.

"Winning or losing isn't important."

Crockta grinned. He hit the shoulder of Adandator, a knight who still hadn't learned anything.

"I'm a warrior. A warrior pays back any favor or vengeance."



The troops gathered.

Rommel looked at them and smiled. It was the greatest number of soldiers he had ever commanded. The well-trained soldiers, knights and the Heaven and Earth members who always moved like his limbs, they were all in his grasp.

He rode his horse to the forefront of the formation. The rider flying the flag of the empire was close behind him.

Keynes spoke up from next to him, "Rommel."

"Yes."

"Did you receive the quest?"

Rommel nodded. "Now is the real start."

Keynes' face was excited. As soon as the emperor gave them a command, a quest had

been received. It was a large-scale linked quest that had never appeared in Elder Lord.

[This is a large-scale linked quest on the continent.]

[Raise the fires of the species war!]

[Deal with the rebels in the south and remove all impure molecules.]

[The completion conditions are as follows.]

[Get rid of the empire's public enemy, Crockta.]

[Occupy Espada, which has rejected the empire.]

[Unite the south under the name of the empire.]

[There are three conditions.]

[Adequate compensation will be given upon completion. Good luck.]

All members of the Heaven and Earth Clan received the quest. It was the largest scale ever, so all the clan members were excited. Looking at the momentum of the empire, it was enough to complete the quest.

"We will resolve it in order," said Rommel. He was staring at the quest window in the air. "Get rid of Crockta and then go to Espada. After that, the south will be one."

"Hrmm..." Keynes smiled and asked, "Should we really do that?"

"Huh?"

"He is trying to bring us into his domain, so we should show him how silly that idea is."

Rommel thought about it and nodded. "I understand."

“We will let that cocky orc bastard know the gap between us.”

“Will the NPCs follow?”

“We have this.” It was an edict delegating full authority to them. “If he wants to draw aggro, we should draw the aggro back.”

After listening to Keynes, Rommel raised his hand and the rider raised the flag. A horn sound was transmitted towards all the troops. Rommel and Keynes starting moving. The army was one step behind them. The troops began to move forward. The knights escorted the formation in the wings, while the soldiers walked towards the battlefield with their spears. The scouts moved ahead of the procession. The army was spread out in rows and columns.

Rommel asked as he looked at the backs of the scouts, “Will he come?”

“He will come.” Keynes smiled. “It is obvious when looking at his track record. We don’t need to go looking for him.”

“I understand.”

Rommel and Keynes turned. The army followed them. They headed towards the other side of Nataliya Forest.

One of the knights from the White Lion Knights approached them. He was the deputy leader who led the knights, as Adandator was currently ill. He was an experienced knight.

“Nataliya Forest isn’t in this direction.”

Keynes replied with a smile, “We aren’t going to Nataliya.”

“Crockta is at Nataliya.”

“Sir Betring doesn’t know him well: Crockta isn’t a normal person. He is a shameless guy, so we can’t allow things to go as he wants.”

“Then?”

“It is a lesson I taught before. Don’t go into the enemy’s trap; lure the enemy into your

own.”

“I remember.”

“This is the same thing. Crockta tried to lure us, but we won’t fall for it. Instead, we will bring him to us.”

Betring nodded at the words. His face was convinced. “I understand what you want to do. But are you sure he will come?”

The direction they were heading wasn’t towards Nataliya. It was Espada.

“Of course. He is a righteous person.”

“Hah...” Betring looked up at the sky. “If he was born a human, he would’ve been a knight. It is a pity.”

“Instead, we have you and Sir Adandator.”

“I still can’t be compared to Sir Adandator.” He laughed. “I do like those words. Anyway, I understand.”

Betring returned to the White Lion Knights. Keynes looked at his back and chuckled.

“Disgusting.”

“.....”

“We know that we are bad guys, but they are just deluding themselves. They aren’t knights, just iron-clad contractors.”

“Your words are correct.” Rommel thought about Crockta and declared, “Crockta is the best knight.”

“Yes, that’s right.” Keynes shrugged. “An orc is the one who acts more like a knight than anyone else. How funny. That is how he became the empire’s public enemy and our stumbling block. This is why life is funny.”

A public enemy was closer to a knight than the actual knights. Those knights were now under Keynes and Rommel’s leadership, who were villains.

“It means there is no god.”

Rommel turned and waved his hand. It was towards a member of the Heaven and Earth Clan. Other than Rommel, he was the most well-known member of Heaven and Earth.

The one responsible for Heaven and Earth’s public relations. BJ Heaven and Earth.

“Hey, BJ.”

“Yes!”

“Start the broadcast.”

“Huh?”

“A large-scale quest is in progress and the goal is to unite the south. We should show people why we are the Heaven and Earth Clan.”

“Ah, yes!”

“You take good care of the ratings. Well done.”

“Thank you.” BJ Heaven and Earth laughed. “Then I’ll do it properly.”



“I’m bored.”

He was lying on the sofa in the manager’s office and watching his tablet.

“There is no one funny...”

He had a taste for Internet broadcasting these days. When he was bored, he would watch broadcasters play games or communicate with people in real time. It was the best way of killing time. He searched for the famous female BJ, Elizabeth. Due to her beautiful appearance, she was a popular Elder Lord player.

“Not here.” Baek Hanho rolled his body. “Umm?”

It was the recent No.1 ranked BJ. The BJ from Heaven and Earth TV. His broadcast was marked as online. In an instant, viewers gathered.

Baek Hanho frowned. "These bastards..."

He clicked on Heaven and Earth TV.

"The degree of these guys when they start broadcasting... I should give it a try... ughh..."

As he watched the Internet broadcasts, Baek Hanho started to develop a dream of becoming a BJ. Women cheered whenever Andre appeared.

"Hoh."

Baek Hanho whistled as the screen was displayed. The scale was truly enough to be ranked first. A large number of troops filled the field of view. They were marching on the plains. The appearance of the knights and the army was enough to heat up the hearts of men.

Baek Hanho opened a chat window. His nickname was 'White Tiger.'

[White Tiger: You guys... this... what is it... ~?

Chatter ~

Jiri Mountain: Uncle...

I'm Hungry Sob Sob: The Heaven and Earth Clan received a large-scale quest and is going to war.

Orc is the Best: Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta

<Orc is the Best has been blocked.>

I'm Hungry Sob Sob: But one person can't go against an army~

Jiri Mountain: It seems the legend of Crockta will end.

*White Tiger: Crockta... are they fighting... ~?

Passing Swallow: ○ ○ They will hit Crockta and then start a species war.

*White Tiger: Wow~~!

Passing Swallow: No one can fight them... I wonder if Crockta will be in the war?

Dreaming of a New Spring: I saw him in a village.]

Baek Hanho's hands trembled. A massive army. There were also NPC knights. Even Crockta would be in a crisis. A great crisis.

He jumped up.

"Heaven and Earth? These bastards...!"

He threw the tablet and opened the door of the manager's office. The members of the gym looked at Baek Hanho. However, he left the gym without caring.

Crockta. He was White Knight Andre's prey.

CHAPTER 163

EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (2)

‘Undergames’, a broadcasting channel specialized for games, acquired a tip first. It was news that Elder Lord’s best-selling ‘War Maestro’ Rommel and the Heaven and Earth Clan were beginning their large-scale quest.

The quest wasn’t an ordinary raid. War-content that couldn’t be seen on a peaceful continent. This time, it wasn’t a small, contained skirmish, but rather a vast, extensive war that made use of a great army.

Recently, the Heaven and Earth Clan had formed a closer relationship with the kingdom and it was reported that they were leading the empire’s army. It was a real war.

Channel Undergames, which had grown quickly through Elder Lord, didn’t want to miss this event. So they decided to postpone the PvP contest and organized a special program that relayed the quest progress in real time.

They negotiated with the Heaven and Earth Clan and paid a large amount of royalties. Then they launched a new online channel filled with commentators aside from BJ Heaven and Earth.

The name:

<I am my own Lord through Heaven and Earth – Empire Strikes Back Chapter 0>

(TL: Seems to have taken the name from a Buddhist saying that includes Heaven and Earth)

They just used words that looked great, but this childish name attracted people’s attention. Then the broadcast started. It was a hardcore program that tracked the Heaven and Earth Clan 24 hours a day in real time.

The storytelling was already overflowing. They were the knights of the emperor who fought for the empire’s revival, and those who opposed it were rebels. Towards the unrighteous, the empire knights and the Heaven and Earth Clan would raise their

swords.

The Heaven and Earth Clan became the hottest topic.

“Aren’t they just slaughtering weak people?” There were some people who said it, but their opinions were ignored.

Those were just human rights people. The ones being killed were NPCs.

It was enough to create a Heaven and Earth mania.



“The goal is the occupation of Espada.”

Rommel explained.

“If necessary, wipe them out.”

–Rommel truly is incredible. Look at that charisma. The NPCs can’t even move their heads and are being conducted. That is the dignity of a general

–The one who makes that formation is Rommel. He was such a person from the beginning. Choi Hansung was a professional gamer in the past. He was always an imposing friend. I always knew he would become big.

The other leaders were riding beside Choi Hansung. Keynes chewed on his apple and laughed.

“Disgraceful bastards are trying to use tricks to ruin the empire. Cut off the bud here. So reconciliation is no longer a choice.”

“What about those who resist?”

“Don’t be naïve. We have already given them enough opportunities. This price is their own fault.”

“Kuoong. I understand.”

–That is the vice master of the Heaven and Earth Clan, Keynes. He was the leader of the

now disappeared Thawing Balhae Clan. If Rommel is the field commander of Heaven and Earth, Keynes is the brain. The Zhuge Liang of Elder Lord! Then isn't it General Rom and Keynes Liang? Kelkelkel!

-General Rom and Keynes Liang! Those nicknames are good. Hahahat.

"And Crockta." Keynes said while chewing on the apple. "Let's show it well before he gets here. How many people will die because of him."

-Crockta! He is now rebelling against the empire. He is an NPC who entertained people's eyes and ears, but isn't his opponent the Heaven and Earth Clan?

-It is regrettable. While it is difficult to make conclusions, an individual and an army are two different things. It is a fact that there is an objective difference in power. A fact. Perhaps Crockta's biography will end here... I feel like that. It is too bad. What would it be like if Crockta was a human and joined Heaven and Earth? I have such regrets.

The knights and infantry commanders nodded. They retreated. Now only Keynes and Rommel remained in the tent. They looked at each other.

"In the end, we've arrived here."

"Indeed."

"Let's make it cool. Now it is starting."

"Huhu."

Rommel and Keynes fist bumped each other.

"Heaven and Earth."

"War!"

-Kya! It is wonderful. Heaven and Earth, war!

-The symbol of the Heaven and Earth Clan. Heaven and Earth is war, war is Heaven and Earth. I have confidence.

It was a directed scene, but the viewers had already fallen into the characters and

couldn't recognize it. After the slogan, the screen slowly faded out. It was a broadcast break.

–This is Elder Lord, the realism! It is a game that maximizes the realism. Kuhahahat, anyway, there are difficulties.

–Why are you talking here, aren't you the narrator? Kuhuhuhu.

–Kuhahat, I'm sorry. I have a very fixed opinion. Huhut. So, friends, there are many things for you to see. I have to go to the bathroom. Then we will be having a short break. We will play highlights of the Heaven and Earth Clan so that viewers won't become bored until the broadcast starts again.

–See you in a while.

The screen switched to a recorded broadcast.

Rommel appeared. The Heaven and Earth members were moving in unison under his command. It was a quest where the Heaven and Earth Clan was proceeding with mass destruction. The well-trained soldiers systematically subdued the enemies.

This type of warfare was why people loved Heaven and Earth.



"The commentary is too biased." Yoon Bora complained as she watched the broadcast. "Just watch. Crockta will break the Heaven and Earth Clan."

"Aren't there too many soldiers?" Ban Taehoon replied.

"Hey. Didn't he conquer the north alone? Who is Crockta?"

"We didn't see what happened in the north so we don't know. If Crockta can win against that army alone, he is a god, not an orc."

"Isn't Crockta a god?"

"Are you a fool?"

"Are you saying that to me?"

Yoon Bora and Ban Taehoon started fighting. Yiyu drank her americano with a disinterested face before complaining, "You talk about Elder Lord every time we meet."

"You can do it too. Ah, didn't you die because of a rabbit?"

"Death."

They were waiting for Park Jungtae. During the school holidays, he went abroad to volunteer and recently came back, so they were having a gathering. He was the only member who had spent the holiday elsewhere.

"That's right. Didn't both of you eat delicious food without me?" Ban Taehoon asked.

"Uh. It was really good. I never knew kimchi and soybean paste could taste so good."

"Isn't it petty to go without me?"

"Heh. You should protest to Yiyu's oppa?"

"What is with the Oppa?"

"Now he is an Oppa." Then Yoon Bora asked Yiyu. "By the way, is he okay?"

"Yes. It was nothing."

"I'm glad."

At this moment, Ban Taehoon interrupted. "Hey, Jung Yiyu. You should be careful of Yoon Bora. This girl is now aiming for your brother. Look at her eyes."

"Why? Are you jealous?"

"Uwek."

"Don't make that sound. I will restrain you."

Then Park Jungtae appeared in the distance. He had gone to Africa so his face was tanned. He looked around and smiled after finding them, "It has been a while."

"Ohh Jungtae."

“Did you come?”

He sat down next to Ban Taehoon. The two of them bumped fists, waved their fingers and bumped shoulders.

“Yo man.”

“Wassup man.”

“Long time no see.”

“Guten tag!” (German for good day)

Yoon Bora shook her head as she watched them babbling. They hugged lightly and ended the greeting.

“Did your service go well?”

“Yes. It was fun.”

He had gone to Africa to build houses for the poor. In other words, he was doing hard labour. His body was tanned and muscular, as if he was an athlete. Park Jungtae talked about the things that happened, while the rest nodded with admiration.

“You really suffered.”

“Good work.”

Park Jungtae smiled brightly at Yiyu’s compliment.

“Should we have a drink today?”

“Hey, did you drink there? Or did you eat anything like African snake?”

“I couldn’t drink there.”

They got up and left the cafe.



“Heaven and Earth!”

“War!”

The mounted knights moved first and broke through enemy lines. The enemy's formations were destroyed. The Heaven and Earth members followed behind. Two infantry battalions collided. The clan members shouted their slogan as they wielded their weapons.

The rebels had fallen into chaos from the cavalry penetration and couldn't block their attacks. Like a dam breaking, the clan members moved through the formation. Their vision became blurry but they moved forward tenaciously, staring at the empire's flag that was flapping far away.

–This is it. This is the power of the cavalry. The rebels tried to stop them with spears and barricades, but the imperial knights weren't easy.

–The Heaven and Earth members are also great. They sweep through the enemies like fallen leaves.

–Wasn't it not long ago that users didn't dare fight NPCs? That has changed. It isn't an exaggeration to say that it changed after the emergence of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

The scene filled up the broadcast screen. The rebels' formation was destroyed by the cavalry running around. Every time the knights charged, the rebels were trampled on. Then the infantry and Heaven and Earth members cleaned up the rest of the enemies.

The cavalry overran the enemies and trampled on those still on the ground. There was the occasional bombardment from magicians. The rebels screamed as they were burned. The flames spread and bodies piled up.

–Amazing.

–The whole world is watching the battle of the Heaven and Earth Clan. The number of viewers in the Undergames overseas channel is enormous.

All of this was being conducted by Rommel. Rommel waved his hand. He took control of the battlefield, and everything was under his vision.

-War Maestro Rommel! He can see the entire battlefield.

The commentators were proud.



Yoon Bora drank her beer and asked, “Is this a war?”

Yiyu watched the broadcast from next to Yoon Bora and replied, “Yes. Aren’t the opponents just residents, not soldiers?”

“Really? I guess their clothing is really shabby.”

The rebels were pushed by the empire in terms of numbers and equipment. Their appearance looked like men who had been farming for all their lives. They were killed in turn by the well-trained imperial army.

“It is too cruel.”

“What’s wrong with that? They are NPCs.”

“Still...”

Yoon Bora opened a chat window. There was also wonder and praise there.

[Dial Fresh: What is this war? It really defies my expectations.

Simabukuro: Honey jam? What are your expectations? Do you expect anyone to go against the Heaven and Earth Clan? How absurd.

Paper Cup Duo: ㄅㄅ This is the level of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

Toothbrush and Perfume: Shout General Rom!! General Rom!!

I’m Hungry Sob: The duo of General Rom and Keynes Liang ㄹㄹㄹㄹㄹㄹ

Dune Multiplex: ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ Isn’t the empire just massacring people? Is this cool?
ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ Don’t admire murderers.

White keyboard: Dune Multiplex// I am a person who kills in the game and I can verify how fun it is.

Lukas Graham: The commentators are exaggerating ㄹㄹ The opponents are too weak.

Seven Eggs: I haven't watched it but I have a lot of complaints ㄹㄹ if the game is like reality, won't PTSD occur? ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ

Storage Mistake: I agree with the one above me.]

"Ah, I can't look."

Yoon Bora turned away from the screen. Park Jungtae and Ban Taehoon's seats were empty.

"That boy doesn't smoke yet he still follows."

This was a chicken and beer pub. Ban Taehoon went out for a quick smoke and the non-smoker, Park Jungtae followed. They stood side by side at the entrance of the store.

"Cheers." Yiyu and Yoon Bora made a toast.

"Yiyu, isn't your Oppa playing Elder Lord as well?"

"Yes. He had been working harder lately."

"Will he be watching this broadcast?"

"Oppa..."

Yiyu started thinking. It was a broadcast of a battlefield where many people died. Furthermore, it was just a one-sided massacre.

Yiyu shook her head. "Won't he really hate this?"



Crockta stood in the devastated Demeterun. There was nothing left. The imperial troops poured the corpses into a pit and set them on fire. Now only the seared bones remained as small traces.

“.....”

Adandator was silent behind Crockta. He knew that the emperor had ordered Crockta's death. That's why he hurried to find Crockta. If Crockta died, he would never know the identity of that light.

But Rommel had attacked Espada. He knew Crockta well.

“A smart guy.” Crockta had come running as soon as he heard. But Demeterun had already been ruined.

“It seems like it hasn't been a long time since they passed.” Alex said.

The imperial army was heading for Espada after devastating Demeterun. They would destroy everything in their way. Crockta found a piece of cloth that was torn and burnt on the ground. It was a flag. It was hard to see but the words “There is no emperor in the south’ were written on it. The resistance army would've swung it.

“...Let's go. Crockta opened his mouth.

“You're going?” Adandator asked.

“I need to hurry before they do this again.”

The ‘He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members nodded.

Adandator scratched his head. He didn't know what he should do. He had become closer to Crockta after spending a few days together, but he couldn't go against his kingdom.

“You can go, Adandator,” Crockta told him.

“Is it okay?”

“This isn’t your job, which is understandable.”

Adandator sighed and said, “I’m thankful for those words.”

“But I will tell you one thing,” Crockta said as he turned to him. Adandator flinched as he saw the blazing anger in Crockta’s eyes. “If we meet on the battlefield, I won’t hesitate to kill you.”

CHAPTER 164

EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (3)

Crockta rode his horse. The 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members followed him.

They saw a blazing fire in the distance. The imperial army had taken over a city. The battle had already ended. The only thing left behind was their traces. Espada was an area with a big cluster of cities where people gathered. This place had collapsed. There were numerous troops surrounding the city.

".....!"

"Crockta!"

He was noticed quickly because he ran aggressively. A scout blew the whistle first. The knights, who had been waiting, reversed their formation. They reacted to the sound of the whistle almost immediately. The information that Crockta appeared was quickly transmitted to the rear.

The troops moved like they were a single creature. At its heart was Rommel. He was able to see Rommel beyond the knights. He was a good looking elf, but wore heavy armor that typically didn't suit elves.

He waved his hand and the knights started the assault. They were the Blue Dragon Lancers beside him. The White Lion Knights and Blue Dragon Lancers were the pillars of the empire.

The knights raised their lances and started charging towards Crockta and the 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members. Crockta pulled out his greatsword.

"Yare yare... is this the so-called 'lance charging'...?"

Gilgamesh muttered habitually. His voice sounded the same but it was shaking slightly.

Crockta shouted, "Everyone be prepared."

The Blue Dragon troops were rushing towards them like a locomotive. Crockta raised the pressure around his body. The lances were coming like waves. Even if he blocked the knights, there was an army behind them.

It was absurd when he thought about it. Only five people. Five people were facing an army.

“Stay alive.” Crockta muttered.

He didn’t worry about such things. He only thought about defeating the enemies that came towards him. Face an opponent, smash them down and repeat over and over again. It would be a line that allowed him to reach Rommel.

“Bul’tar————!”

His battle cry rang out. At that moment, all of the soldiers here felt a chill at Crockta’s presence. He really had come.

“Come!”

The attack from the Blue Dragon Lancers was imminent. Just before the collision, Crockta jumped from his horse. The horse, that lost its master, collided with a spear and fell down. Crockta was on the ground and wielded his greatsword. He faced multiple knights at the same time.

Crockta landed in an empty gap and wielded his greatsword at the lances and horses. He aimed at the horse. As the horse collapsed, the knight rolled over and was crushed by the steel armor. Like water hitting a stone, the knights split apart around Crockta. Blood splattered from the horses caught by Crockta.

“Come on, dance with me! Open the bloody banquet, my blades! Kukuk!”

Gilgamesh’s voice was heard. Crockta’s angle meant he couldn’t see the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members. The knights focused on Crockta. Except for a group that dealt with the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members, the rest turned around and came back to Crockta.

The assault began again. They held up their lances and shouted.

“For His Majesty!”

“For!”

Crockta raised his greatsword. The enemies were nearing. The lance’s charge was raised by the horse’s acceleration and flew with tremendous power. It would pierce a body in one strike.

“Haat!”

The lances flew towards him. Crockta responded promptly and managed to survive. If he couldn’t kill on the battlefield then he would die. Crockta dodged their attacks and broke the horses’ legs. The horses with their legs broken fell to the ground and crushed the knights.

“This guy!” A knight appeared in unusual clothing. “Orc! Let me fight with you!”

It was a middle-aged man. It was the leader of the Blue Dragon Lancers. The knights opened the path for him once he appeared. His horse started running. The horse was different from the common ones. The size was much bigger and the skin underneath the armor was red. The ground shook every time the horse moved. Fast and furious.

The leader became one with the horse as he charged towards Crockta.

“Die! Empire’s enemy!”

Crockta could feel him falling into the realm of the Pinnacle as he rode. The charge of the horse and the Pinnacle, this was the leader of a troop of knights. He leaned into the space and rushed towards Crockta.

Crockta also entered the world of the Pinnacle. However, the compressed force of the lance flying towards Crockta was so strong that it seemed hard for him to endure. Crockta gulped. He tried to avoid it but the horse’s charging speed exceeded their expectations.

Indeed, this was the empire. Adandator wasn’t the only powerhouse. Crockta surpassed the realm of the Pinnacle. The landscape changed again.

The Hero realm. The transcendent power of causality was demonstrated. Crockta’s greatsword and the knight’s lance crossed. Both bodies fell at the same time.

“Ugh!”

“Cough!”

He fell from the horse while Crockta flew backward. Crockta hurriedly got up. It wasn't one-sided but the lance had hit him.

“That Adandator bastard, there is another person beyond the Pinnacle...”

It was different from his words. This knight had touched the edges of the Hero realm, despite not recognizing it yet.

“Cough! Cough!”

The knight's side was split by the greatsword and he coughed blood onto the ground. Behind Crockta, the horse that lost its master was running amok. The knights gathered around their leader. He glared at Crockta as he was carried away.

Crockta grinned.

“Hoo, hoo.” He restored his breathing. But this wasn't the end. It was starting now. The infantry troops were advancing towards Crockta. The knights continued to fill up their numbers.

“These boring guys.” The knights set up their formation again and started running towards Crockta. Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder. “Of course, what else can I expect from the name Blue Dragon Lancers?”

The force was still sufficient. The moment they were going to assault from the front...

The knights moved to the side and passed Crockta.

“.....!”

Crockta looked around. There were members of ‘He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ who followed him. They were fighting the knights and not paying attention to this place.

“Scatter———!”

Crockta shouted. They finally noticed the knights. However, the knights' assault was too fierce. The members were split into two groups. They avoided the attacks, but one

member was eventually pieced by a lance.

“...Keok!”

The lance pierced the user’s abdomen and he hung in the air. It was like the knight who killed the member was boasting of the spoils. The body hung high in the sky. Blood flowed down the lance. The sound of horseshoes subsided.

“Cou... gh...” He coughed up blood and soon turned into white particles.

“Hmm?” The knight muttered as he looked at the body. “What? Someone who is cursed by the stars?”

At that moment, a blade penetrated the knight’s heart.

“.....!”

A sword came out of nowhere and pierced the steel armor. The knight grabbed his chest and looked back. Gilgamesh was staring at him with many swords floating around him.

“The price of touching my companion... it is ruin. Lowlife.”

“Kuk...”

The knight with the lance fell to the ground. Then the knights flew towards Gilgamesh. Some knights fell from their horses and attacked with swords. Their weapons became tangled together. Once the knights showed their strength, the fan club members were in crisis.

Crockta tried to save them but other knights blocked it. This was the advantage of numbers.

“Coming here without any fear. You will regret it. Orc.”

The knights laughed. Crockta wielded his greatsword instead of answering. The body of the knight who just spoke flew through the air.

“Bul’tar————!”

Crockta wildly attacked the knights. The panicked knights kept gathering. Every time Crockta swung his greatsword, dozens of knights died. Blood and flesh were scattered.

“Shit!”

However, the enemies kept on coming. It was foolish to deal with so many enemies in an open space.

“Kuaack!”

Crockta jumped over a knight. He broke through the encirclement and ran towards the other ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members. The three remaining members had united and were desperately resisting.

“Where are you running to... keok!”

A knight was hit by his greatsword. Then Crockta stole his horse. The horse resisted as a stranger boarded, but Crockta calmed it down by stroking its neck. Crockta rode his horse. He roared again as he headed towards the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members.

“Bul’tar————!”

His roar rattled the eardrums of the knights. As they covered their ears, Crockta ran and called out to a member.

“Keep moving! A flat ground is a disadvantage!”

Gilgamesh nodded. He also stole a horse with Alex. They started running out of the knights’ encirclement. The knights noticed and pursued fiercely.

“The enemy is too fast!” Alex shouted.

They were knights using lances. Their competency when handling a horse was naturally different. The knights clung tightly to them. Then the swords circling Gilgamesh turned and headed towards the knights. The knights were dumbfounded at the sudden interruption.

Crockta raised his thumb. Gilgamesh grinned. However, they were still at the center of the crisis. Crockta changed the direction of his horse. He avoided the imperial forces

and moved inside a gap.

It was towards the inside of the city, where the sound of screaming and fighting could still be heard.



“.....!”

He entered to see a gory sight. The ones who occupied the interior were mainly users, the Heaven and Earth Clan members and some knights. They didn't want to incorporate the residents into the empire like before.

They were slain immediately.

“How horrible.”

There was the sound of knights on horseback. Crockta directed his horse and entered the city completely.

“Crockta!”

“Crockta appeared!”

The Heaven and Earth Clan responded promptly, as if the information was already transmitted. They didn't rush towards Crockta but maintained their distance on the streets. The clan members gradually gathered. There was a lot of them.

Crockta's eyes quickly glanced around the surroundings. Most of the soldiers and residents had been killed, with only the elderly left. They were the first to lose their lives. There was the sound of fighting in the center, as if people were still resisting, but it didn't seem like it would last long.

“Wouldn't it be better to retreat?”Alex asked.

“.....”

Crockta shook his head.

At the same time, his momentum changed. He once again entered the Hero realm. His

senses entered a different perspective.

The moment that Crockta confirmed the presence of troops around him, new infantrymen entered any gaps, directed by Rommel. At the same time, he realized the shaking of the members who entered with him.

“You can leave. It is too dangerous.” Crockta told them. They shook their heads.

“It isn’t dangerous. We received the curse of the stars. We won’t die. But Crockta...”

“You can experience the Concrete method.”

“.....!”

Most of the people around them were the Heaven and Earth members. The clan members already identified that the enemies were users.

“No... that, no, it isn’t...”

Alex’s voice trailed off. Crockta had fought the Thawing Balhae clan. He already knew about users.

It was as he said. This was a battle involving the Heaven and Earth Clan. If there were any users who opposed them, the Heaven and Earth would thoroughly trample them using the Concrete method to prevent another attack.

The eyes of the Heaven and Earth seemed to be scanning the members’ bodies.

“...So be it,” Alex muttered with a grin.

Crockta responded in a grave tone, “I can’t protect you anymore.”

“It’s okay. I am determined.”

Their companionship would probably end here. No matter how this battle progressed, they would probably die or experience the Concrete method here. That battle was overwhelmingly unfavorable. It would actually be fortunate if they died.

“Fight with honor.”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members laughed. They came here because they admired Crockta. That choice wasn’t wrong. Crockta was just like they saw in the videos. No, he was more than that. He wasn’t a hero, but had a very human nature, so his past actions seemed even greater.

They couldn’t help laughing and crying in Crockta’s presence.

“You must absolutely never die.”

It was okay for the users to die. Even if they received the Concrete method, they could still live in reality. But Crockta, this great warrior, wouldn’t be able to revive if he died.

He was an NPC. Everything would be over if he died. However, Crockta’s eyes were unshaken. This was why they praised and honored Crockta. The era of heroes was over. But they met a true hero in Elder Lord.

Crockta told them, “Don’t regret it.”

They laughed.

CHAPTER 165

FIVE SENSES LANDSCAPE (1)

Inside the city, there were still those who were resisting.

“As long as we buy some time, reinforcements will come,” said Gerd, the militia leader.

However, he wasn’t convinced as he spoke. The enemies hadn’t used their knights yet. The horsemen were circling the city to prevent any fugitives, with only those cursed by the stars entering the city. They were having fun as they slaughtered the residents of the city.

“Can’t we build up a lot of experience here?”

“Yes, that is why we came here.”

“I keep on receiving rewards for the achievements. Wow, this is rare grade.”

“I barely get any rare grade rewards. Why can’t I receive the Flying Heaven Sword Style?”

They chattered and laughed together.

Gerd bit his lip. The ones cursed by the stars were hateful. They were all around him.

“Endure. We can endure.”

Of course, nobody believed those words. They were waiting for reinforcements but who would come? The empire had a great army. It was a war to win if they just hid behind walls. Entering the city to save them was nothing more than a waste of troops.

He repeated to himself, “Endure...”

But there was a disturbance in the distance. Gerd became tense. The knights might’ve entered.

“.....!”

At that moment, he could see something flying over the building in front of him. It was the appearance of an enemy who had his body split apart. As soon as the red lump fell, it became white particles.

“W-What?”

It continued. Behind the outer walls of the building, a fountain of blood appeared in the air. There was the sound of screams and bones breaking as the bodies continued to burst. The blood, flesh and internal organs were stuck to the ground.

What the hell was going on at the smithy?

“Kyaaak!”

“Stop!”

“Monster!”

Once again, dozens of people flew through the air at the same time and fell down in the dust. Gerd and his companions flinched as they held their weapons. The fallen people twitched and died. Their bodies turned white.

“Who...?”

Step, step.

Footsteps could be heard. Gerd gulped and looked at the corner of the building. There was the shadow of a man of great size. The slaughterer’s image was revealed. The first thing that stood out was the gigantic greatsword that reflected the sunlight. It was so big that he couldn’t face it properly.

“.....!”

An orc. He was burly and the battle scars were mixed together with the tattoos. Blood and flesh dripped down from his body.

The vicious eyes turned to Gerd. Gerd shook.

He knew who the orc was. The orc warrior widely known throughout the continent. The one who killed the crazy chieftain in the north. All gods had whispered his name.

Northern Conqueror Crockta. He heard rumors that Crockta was going against the empire. But,

“God...”

Showing up on this battlefield was reckless. Gerd never imagined his appearance. He knew the orc species, but he always thought of heroes as people with shining smiles and a dignified appearance. They were knights who wore armor.

But he was mistaken. The orc called Crockta wasn't a knight. He was a monster. Knights were those who wore shining armor and rode on a white horse in fairy tales.

Crockta was a warrior who slaughtered his enemies with his greatsword, scattering the flesh and blood of those who got in his way. If he wasn't killed on the battlefield, he would wipe out all enemies. The eyes were filled with killing intent, making Gerd unable to face them at all.

But,

“Bul'tarr—!”

At Crockta's roar, the enemies didn't dare come closer and fell back.

Gerd formed a fist. Despite the horrible appearance, hope sprouted in his heart.

He had prayed for a long time. He prayed every day that he could continue to live as a free man, for the march of the imperial forces to slow down and to help them win this battle. He prayed for all the beautiful things in this world.

However, no one answered. It wasn't the benevolent goddess or a knight on a white horse who responded. It was a brutal orc warrior covered in the enemy's blood. A killer who beheaded the enemies directly.

Crockta, he came for them.

Gerd shouted, “Crockta has come! Gather your strength!”



The front lines became messy at Crockta's appearance. The enemies rarely came close to Crockta, giving the residents and militia time to reorganize the line of defense.

"Crockta!"

The 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members were also present. They were very tired. In particular, Gilgamesh was barely holding onto his sword and couldn't exert any further strength.

"Meet over there."

"Yes."

"There are still people remaining."

Crockta approached Gerd's group. They were busy raising the defenses. They held spears carved out of wood and cautiously watched for enemies from behind the barricade.

"I am Crockta. I came to help."

Gerd responded to Crockta.

"Thank you. I've heard a lot of rumors about you."

"More troops will be coming soon."

Rommel was committed to the growth of the clan members. But that changed after Crockta's appearance. Soon the knights and regular soldiers would appear. Considering the gap between numbers and level, it was close to a hopeless battle.

"Wait for the reinforcements."

"Reinforcements..." Gerd was skeptical about the reinforcements. He shouted about reinforcements to raise morale, but he didn't think they would come.

"Believe in them." Crockta stated. It was an intense gaze. "They will come."

It was hope that made people hold on, even if it was feeble. As long as there was hope, the possibilities could be doubled. A miracle could happen as long as it wasn't 0%.

"I understand." Gerd nodded.

Crockta scanned the area.

"It is tense."

They had just joined but there was no time for proper introductions. It was the last defense line and the children and elderly were behind it. All of them were now visible.

Crockta raised his greatsword. It was obviously the worst situation. He wanted to protect them, but it was a dangerous situation. However, if there was nothing to protect, there was no reason to fight.

It was an irony he always experienced.

Crockta opened his mouth. "I have been through many battles..."

The formation of the enemies was changing. They had now completely retreated. It meant that reinforcements for the enemies were coming soon. The sound of horseshoes neared.

"There have been many more dangerous fights. This is nothing. Kulkukul."

It was his own method of cheering them on. Gerd and the militia members laughed slightly at Crockta's words.

"So let's try our best."

"I understand."

New enemies appeared. Both the White Lion Knights and Blue Dragon Lancers appeared. The regular army followed behind them. The Heaven and Earth Clan were still here, surrounding the area in several layers, in order to block any retreat.

The number and quality of the other side were no match.

Crockta cracked his knuckles. As he mentioned, he had experienced more dangerous

battlefields. But it was the first time he had to defend people against so many enemies. At the very least, he fought with his friends who had the ability to resist the enemy.

Even in the north, he had the dark elves who were good hunters and swordsmen. This place was different. They were at a disadvantage in terms of equipment and skills. Maybe everyone would die.

“Stay alive.” He muttered.

Gilgamesh spoke from behind him, “Is there a ‘stage’ that finally suits me...? The curtain call will be the screams of the enemies. Kukuk...!”

His voice was dying but his personality was still constant. Crockta grinned. The enemies came to a stop.

“Knights, be prepared!”

The leader of the White Lion Knights in the rear cried out. It was the vice leader Betring, who had taken over for Adandator. It was an expression of intent to engage in close combat. They started walking on both feet.

The militia members readied their arrows. However, none of them hit. They were avoided or blocked using swords and shields. It was truly the empire’s elite.

“For His Majesty!” Betring shouted in an excited voice that didn’t fit his age.

“Assault, White Lions!”

The knights started the assault. Crockta broke through the knights running at the forefront and shouted, “Come at me, knight!”

Crockta’s momentum pushed against the knights.

“You’re better than expected, Orc!” It was Betring who didn’t back down from Crockta’s threat. He met Crockta’s greatsword as the two swords hit each other.

“Now! Charge!”

As Betring shouted, the knights plunged towards Crockta’s left and right. Crockta tried to stop them, but Betring’s sword persistently pursued him. Crockta struck him in

annoyance. Betring continued to mark Crockta. He wasn't trying to kill Crockta, and didn't even intend for this to be a confrontation. He just stuck to Crockta so that Crockta couldn't go anywhere else.

Crockta grit his teeth.

An expert. This was annoying.

"Aaack!"

The knights didn't hesitate. The residents died as the knights' swords pierced their hearts.

"It is shameful."

"Ho?" Betring asked nervously as he attacked Crockta.

"A knight should be ashamed of this behavior."

The ruined city. The dead or dying residents. The flag of the empire flying in the air.

"Shame..." Betring smiled bitterly. "Old people like me don't worry about things like that."

It was a familiar expression that he had seen in the north on Hammerchwi, a brave man who had been bent from many years of inertia while adrift in a world mixed with right and wrong.

"I understand," said Crockta before his figure disappeared. Then Crockta appeared right in front of Betring's nose with Ogre Slayer at his neck.

".....!"

An enormous pressure was aiming for his neck. He couldn't avoid or block it. Betring's head became blank.

Kakang!

Just before Ogre Slayer reached Betring, the sword was blocked. It was from the spear of a Blue Dragon member.

“Don’t overdo it.”

“Thank you for your help. Bluno.”

The two leaders of the empire’s knights stood in front of Crockta. They gulped. Even if they joined together, they couldn’t beat Crockta. They could only buy some time. The orc in front of him was a monster.

“Come all at once!”

At the same time, Crockta’s greatsword aimed at both of them. Betring bounced back and rolled across the ground. Bluno avoided it then swung his spear. Crockta ducked and kicked Bluno’s abdomen. Bluno collapsed.

The greatsword descended towards Betring. He blocked with his sword. The blade couldn’t overcome the impact and was broken. Betring’s face stiffened. Crockta raised his greatsword again. Betring rolled across the ground. It was ugly behavior for a knight, but it allowed him to barely survive.

“Aaaaaaah!”

Bluno attacked. It was a rapid stinging attack that made him one of the best knights. Crockta grabbed the spear.

“Crazy!”

Crockta started to break the spear. Bluno stumbled at the power placed on his spear. He gritted his teeth and tried to aim the spear again.

Crockta struck his shin with a fist.

“Cough!” Bluno flew back and crashed onto the ground. His shin was broken. He grabbed his leg and moaned. Betring looked at it and muttered. “Truly a monster...”

His face was completely frightened.

Crockta looked around. The knights were already slaughtering the residents. Crockta headed towards the knights, ignoring Betring and Bluno. However, it wasn’t enough for him to block them alone.

Countless people were dying. The Heaven and Earth members were pushing to the front like hyenas.

“Come again!”

“Get those bastards!”

“Cheeky bastards!”

Their goal was the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members.

“The garbage who follow the orc!”

“Kukuk... weak dogs are barking?”

“What is he saying?”

In the middle of it, Crockta shook his head. The knights and residents, users and users, everything was mixed up and confusing. The debris of the destroyed buildings was scattered about.

‘Now you see that the world is full of death.’

The system message seemed to be mocking him. Crockta jumped over a knight. Betring was chasing him from behind. Crockta wanted to go after the knights killing the residents. Betring’s blade cut his thigh.

Crockta looked angrily at Betring, but he had already withdrawn. Meanwhile, residents were dying. Crockta gritted his teeth. The moment Betring retreated, weapons flew at Crockta from all sides.

Crockta roared and swung his greatsword. The knights flew back.

Puok!

“Ugh!”

An arrow struck Crockta’s shoulder. It was difficult to respond because there were so many people. Crockta used the power of a Hero. It consumed a lot of stamina but it couldn’t be helped. Crockta slaughtered the enemies with the power of causality. A

fountain of blood.

Nevertheless, the number of teammates was decreasing.

“Gerd!”

There was no answer. He had died a long time ago.

“Shit!”

The corpses were accumulating. He couldn't save everyone. The consequences of death were overflowing in the city, and there was a limit to how much he could reverse.

“.....!”

Suddenly, white particles were scattered. He looked back. The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members were dying. Alex’s eyes met his as he turned into white particles. He nodded with a pale face. That was the last action.

Their particles and those of the Heaven and Earth members, along with the dust, blurred his vision.

“Hell, this is a place that suits me! Come you, you dog-like bastards.”

Gilgamesh was the only one remaining and he had lost his concept. He could no longer manipulate the blades and wielded them directly. However, his weapons were quickly suppressed. Crockta tried to rescue him, but the knights kept blocking him. Several layers of infantry surrounded him.

“Dammit.” Crockta raised his greatsword. He was about to use strength to break through the encirclement.

“I’ve caught this bastard! Concrete method!”

“Tie him up! Rope!”

“Kukuk... oof... kuk...!”

Crockta ran in Gilgamesh’s direction. A blade stuck in his back. Blood splattered but he ignored it and attacked those in front of him. He stepped on the enemies. Gilgamesh

could be seen in the distance.

“Gilgamesh!”

Crockta broke through the enemies to try and save him, but he was blocked again. There was no end. He was surrounded by the enemy. There was even the bombardment from magicians. Fireballs flew at Crockta.

“Bul’tarr—!”

Crockta ignored it all and threw his greatsword.

“.....!”

Ogre Slayer split apart Gilgamesh’s body. Gilgamesh was split in half. With only his upper body left, he stared at Crockta. There was surprise in Gilgamesh’s eyes before he laughed. Crockta chuckled slightly.

Soon, Crockta’s body was hit by a fireball.

“Cough!”

Crockta rolled on the ground. The flames burned his body. Crockta gritted his teeth. Blades flew in succession. Crockta raised his body and knocked them down with his fists. The enemies were ripped to pieces.

Crockta straightened his waist and looked around.

“Kulkulkul...”

He laughed. Now Crockta was alone. The militia, the elderly people and the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members...

They all died. He was left alone.

He knew.

“Kill!”

“He is alone!”

“Everyone charge!”

From the beginning, he had a feeling it would be like this. Nevertheless, he had no choice but to struggle.

Kaack! Kaack! Kaaack!

He looked up at the sky.

Crows were crying out above his head. Auspicious or a disaster. It was said that crows were birds who lead the souls of the dead to the afterlife. How did the landscape look like in their eyes? He wondered if the souls of the dead were filling this land in white.

CHAPTER 166

FIVE SENSES LANDSCAPE (2)

“Fire!”

A barrage of arrows rained down from the sky as Crockta moved quickly to evade them. His body was worn out and a sigh emerged from his mouth. However, he couldn't stop. He raised the limits of his power and entered the realm of the Pinnacle.

But in a flash, he moved away from the Pinnacle as the world's speed returned to normal.

“Dammit.”

His stamina was drained, as he had fought for too long. He couldn't reach the Pinnacle anymore. Crockta tried to use the power again. His body gradually accelerated. His mind overwhelmed his body. The world slowed.

Then his body twisted again.

“.....”

He turned around. An arrow was stuck in his calf. He didn't know when he had been hit.

“Shit.”

Betring and the knights were rushing towards Crockta. Crockta looked around. He didn't have a weapon. He used his bare hands to fight the fully armed knights.

A collision between the two occurred. It couldn't be helped, even if it was Crockta. He avoided the weapons, but their bodies slammed into him and he flew back. Crockta fell to the ground. He rolled across angular rocks so his whole body was bloody. He felt lightheaded.

“How many achievement points will I get from killing him?”

Crockta raised his eyes. A Heaven and Earth member was approaching. Crockta spat out blood and tried to raise his body.

“Eh?” The clan member suddenly stared at Crockta. “This guy... his forehead...”

Crockta could feel something hot flowing down from his forehead. Blood. There was a wound on his forehead. He felt his forehead. The red headband around it was half torn.

“Perhaps...”

Crockta stood up and swung his fist. The user’s head exploded and he turned into white particles.

“Keuk!”

He felt back down again from the recoil. Arrows pierced his calf and shoulder, the fire that burned his body and the wounds from the knights’ weapons meant his body didn’t function properly. As Crockta staggered, the knights’ attacks flew towards him.

Crockta collapsed and the kicking continued.

“If we capture this guy alive...”

“His Majesty...”

“Make an example of him...”

Their voices were heard above his head.

“Wait a minute. Sir knights, please wait.”

The Heaven and Earth members were approaching. One of them reached out towards Crockta’s forehead.

“Wait...”

Crockta blocked the hand and the kicks came flying again. Crockta fell down without any strength left. The moment they were about to completely rip off Crockta’s headband...

Peeok.

Blood poured onto Crockta's face.

“.....!”

Crockta frowned and opened his eyes. The user's head was gone. Blood was flowing down from the neck.

Kuaaaang!

The roar of a beast. It was somehow familiar.

“What's going on?”

“What is that?”

The low-frequency cry of a beast was heard. Crockta turned around. He fell to his knees. He gripped his weary head. The blood had blurred his vision. Gradually, his head became clear. He breathed deeply as some strength was restored to his broken body.

He slowly got up. Crockta tore a dead soldier's clothing and used it to cover his ripped headband.

“Pant, pant...”

His hands were empty. A greatsword was needed. Crockta looked around for Ogre Slayer. Suddenly, Ogre Slayer was pushed to his side.

“Thank you...”

Huge teeth were biting the blade of Ogre Slayer. Crockta unconsciously took it and looked at the one who gave it to him. The teeth were sharp enough to chew on an ogre's skin. The eyes of a fierce beast. The body covered in stripes was somehow familiar.

“Simba?”

“Kuang!”

The first mission given by Lenox was the mutant wolf hunt. This was clearly the grown up tiger Simba, who had been unable to fight the mutant wolf and his pack. Simba shook his head like he was pleased to see Crockta.

“Why are you here...?” Crockta raised his head. There was another familiar face. “You...?”

“You have become stronger, grrung!” The orc he met at Lenox’s funeral, ‘Mountain Smasher’ Kumarak who possessed a tremendous strength. “There is no time. We have to get out! Grrung!”

Kumarak grabbed Crockta and dragged him. The knights tried to stop them, but couldn’t approach due to Simba. They started running.

“What are you doing? Follow!” Betring shouted. The knights got on their horses again.

“Kuaaaaang!”

At that moment, Simba roared. The horses freaked out at Simba’s roar. The knights struggled with the horses.

“You!”

Betring ran directly. The soldiers followed. Simba turned and ran towards Crockta and Kumarak.

“Surround them!”

The city was fully occupied. Soldiers appeared from many directions to block their path. Simba ran towards them, but the enemies resisted. Kumarak raised his axe. Then colorful flashes of light flew at the enemies.

“Run! Quickly *dot*!”

It was Tiyo. He was riding on a bone wyvern with Anor. A small number of people had come to save Crockta. Due to Tiyo’s shooting, the enemies fell and Crockta and Kumark escaped the encirclement.

The various minor enemies were dealt with by Simba. Every time the huge paws hit an enemy, the body was ripped to pieces.

“There is no time *dot!* Run away quickly!” Tiyo shouted from above them. “The condition of the bones isn’t good *dot!* Run!”

The bone wyvern they were controlling now wasn’t like Boro in the north. It was small and couldn’t carry many people.

“Eeit!”

Tiyo changed General to a more advanced Vulcan mode and furiously fired. The knights used their swords and shields to block it. Some bullets bounced off the armor.

“Persistent *dot!*”

The soldiers kept on increasing. Rommel showed up in the rear. Under his command, the soldiers forgot their fear and pursued Crockta and Kumarak. After calming their horses, the knights attempted an encirclement.

“At this rate...”

Kumarak tightened his grip on his axe. Maybe they should fight. He glanced at Crockta. Kumarak read the answer in Crockta’s eyes and nodded.

Kumarak laughed. The previously immature orc was now a warrior shaking the continent. He fought like a warrior.

They stopped at the same time. Crockta held Ogre Slayer. Kumarak waved his battle axe. Expressions that indicated they would fight. Pressure spread out from Crockta and Kumarak. The troops chasing them flinched. They were chasing but once their targets stopped, they couldn’t attack.

“.....”

In addition, the gnome was pointing a strange weapon at them from above. As they were stunned, Rommel came forward. Despite this turmoil, he was able to maintain a sober expression. He scanned Crockta and Kumarak. Then he looked at Tiyo and Anor on the wyvern. It looked as though he was searching all of them. Then he opened his mouth.

“Everybody...”

The soldiers raised their weapons. His order was conveyed, despite him not saying anything else. The atmosphere reversed. Their morale changed whenever Rommel was on the front lines. After Crockta and Kumarak's atmosphere changed, the soldiers lowered their posture and stared with resolute eyes.

The air felt like it was about to explode. The fight was about to start again. All of a sudden, screams were heard from the soldiers in the rear.

Rommel looked around.

"What..."

He shook his reins from confusion. The militia members were approaching them. They were all dead. Just corpses.

"Necromancer?"

They walked with their broken bodies. The bizarre sight terrified the soldiers. It was an instinctive fear towards death. It wasn't just the north that had a taboo against dealing with death.

A *kiik* noise was heard. Rommel looked back at Crockta. The flying wyvern landed on the ground. It couldn't maintain its body anymore. The gnome and dark elf jumped down while concentrating.

"A necromancer."

Crockta, Kumarak. Two monsters. There was the gnome with the good artifact and the necromancer.

"Grrrung..."

A huge tiger that was staring at them.

Rommel laughed.

Crockta. Rommel had wondered about the orc who had an unfortunate relationship with Keynes. This battle was already beyond his expectations. It was the first time the battle hadn't flowed according to his will since he received the War Maestro class. His predictions and plans had fallen through.

Thus, he declared. "Withdraw."

There was no need to fight anymore. Anyway, they would meet again. The empire's army followed him in an orderly manner. It was a systematic movement that seemed impossible for the soldiers who were tired from the battle.

Rommel once again glanced at Crockta. Crockta's eyes were clearly visible. Then Rommel turned his horse around. He left in a leisurely manner.

Crockta sighed at the sight.

"Crockta, you would be dead if it wasn't for us *dot*. Kahahat." Tiyo laughed cheerfully as he spoke to Crockta. Crockta grinned.

This was after the battle.

"Thanks to you."

Tiyo hit Crockta's ass. Then he panicked as blood emerged. "Crockta! You aren't okay *dot*! There is a wound on your rear!"

His recovery was better than a troll's, but there were many wounds on his large body. Tiyo hit his back. Crockta groaned.

"This place! Many injuries *dot*! You're not okay!"

Tak tak!

"It hurts!"

"You won't die *dot*!"

Tiyo laughed again.

As he walked beside his party, Crockta looked up at the sky. The crows hadn't left yet and were circling above him.



They arrived at Katalu, the center of Espada. Espada was originally a place with a strong local color, and it didn't appreciate any interference from the kingdom. They paid taxes but rejected being ruled. Their pride was strong and they wouldn't acknowledge the empire.

"This is Katalu *dot*."

Crockta frowned at the distant view of Katalu.

"Hrmm..."

Tiyo scratched his head at Crockta's expression. They all felt it. Katalu was too open. Katalu had no outer walls. It might be easy to open, but it made Katalu vulnerable to invasions. Right now, they were setting up barricades and obstacles in preparation for a siege. However, it was a poor place to fight.

This would be an easy defeat for the elite knights of the empire.

"Let's go inside and see *dot*."

"Don't look like that. Crockta is a wounded person so you can't get stressed." Anor supported Crockta. Crockta nodded.

Simba licked his cheek.

"Simba. It has been a while. You have grown bigger."

He had earned the title 'One who Respects the Honour of Tigers' by building a friendship with Simba. It felt like he could feel Simba's pleasure.

"At that time, you were still young."

Crockta thought Simba was big at the time, but a great bloodline ran through his veins. Even if Crockta wasn't there, Simba would've been able to destroy the mutant wolves after some time passed.

"This guy came to give something to you. Grrung."

“Give me what?”

“I will show you soon.”

He tapped the sack around Simba’s neck. Crockta was confused.

They arrived at Katalu. The residents of Katalu welcomed Crockta.

“Thank you Crockta! We are acquainted with your reputation. Tiyo and Anor were also very helpful to us.”

Katula’s mayor and the leader of the resistance, Guardi shook hands with Crockta. The residents cheered for Crockta, who fought against the empire.

It was at that moment.

Jiing.

His vision blurred. The world became black and white.

Crockta looked around. His spirit escaped from his body. He was looking at his body. He watched himself shake hands with Guardi, with the cheering residents, Kumarak and his companions around him. His spirit kept rising. It was like he had been released.

Crockta looked down on everything. He continued to rise upwards until everything became smaller. Now he was able to see all of Katalu.

‘.....!’

Then he felt sick with fear.

“Crockta?”

“Hmm?”

Crockta regained his mind. Guardi was looking at him.

“Ahh...”

What did he just see? Crockta touched his head. His mind was a mess of confusion. He didn't know what it was that he had just seen.

CHAPTER 167

FIVE SENSES LANDSCAPE (3)

The commentators picked their words carefully. They realized it.

–Hahaha, Crockta is working hard... He is resisting.

–There are also people in his fan club.

Words were useless in the face of reality. This was a program which placed the Heaven and Earth Clan as the heroes. However, the identity of the hero and the villains were becoming clearer to the public.

It wasn't bad when the Heaven and Earth Clan entered the city and massacred the people. In fact, it was an exciting victory. The strong resistance fell under Rommel's splendid commanding. Following Rommel's gestures, the conductors acted, and drums sounded through the battlefield. The troops then changed shape, as if they were one single unit.

This was the greatness of the Heaven and Earth Clan's War Maestro.

When Crockta appeared, the public's reaction was at the peak. It was a fight between a named NPC and users. The related media reported the news, and the ratings topped the record high for Undergames.

Crockta appeared with four allies. They were users whom nobody knew.

In the end, they fought the Heaven and Earth Clan. They persisted in their resistance. Crockta and his four allies broke through the Heaven and Earth Clan and the imperial army, entering the city. Then they joined the rebels and continued fighting fiercely.

Anyone could see that it was an impossible battlefield. There was an overwhelming difference in numbers. However, Crockta was a warrior who didn't know how to give up. Every time he roared and swung his greatsword, the expressions of the viewers changed.

–Crockta, how terrible.

–Those who are with him are the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’... Fan club members are rebels?

–They are all enthusiastic users. The members of the Heaven and Earth Clan, and the He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy fan club, they are playing in the game in their own ways...

–Crockta is fighting well.

The Heaven and Earth Clan members retreated, and the knights rushed forward. There was an overwhelming difference in numbers, and Crockta’s giant mass was quickly covered in a wave of knights.

Crockta was at the front, but the army passed him and headed for the rebels. As Crockta struggled to save them, he kept being obstructed. Still, he wielded his greatsword. He fought against those killing the weak.

Seeing those who killed and those who saved...

The hearts of the viewers became heavy at the scene. Even the commentators fell silent. For a while, there were only the sounds of the battlefield and Crockta’s roaring. The camera angle was focused on Crockta. The eyes of the world were also focused on Crockta.

The stage of the Heaven and Earth Clan was now the indomitable struggle of the orc warrior.

The orc and knights confronted each other.

“It is shameful.”

Crockta opened his mouth to say. The camera angle sank down, and the screen was now looking at the confrontation between Crockta and a knight. They looked like giants.

The empire’s flag flew above their heads. The blazing sun which symbolized the empire. The ruined city...

Crockta’s voice was clear, despite the noise of the battlefield. In the background, the blade of a soldier was piercing another resident. The last moments of the victim were

caught on screen.

Crockta spoke again, "A knight should be ashamed of this behaviour."

The knight smiled bitterly, "Shame... Old people like me don't worry about things like that."

However, his face did seem to carry an expression of shame.

At that moment, everyone watching realized it. The reality of this fight...

It wasn't a story made up by the game channel, the Heaven and Earth Clan, and the commentators. This was the scene of NPCs who actually lived in the world of Elder Lord. Crockta explained why he entered the impossible battlefield.

Then the struggle continued. Crockta overwhelmed the two knight leaders. However, this wasn't a fight to kill but to protect. Then he turned to save the resistance. He desperately wielded his greatsword at those killing the residents. The battle leaned to one side as Crockta got an arrow stuck in his shoulder. The 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members became white particles.

"Gerd!"

Crockta shouted the name of the dead.

"Shit!"

He was besieged again. The arrows, spears, swords, and fireballs were aimed at Crockta. He gritted his teeth and looked around. It was a crisis. Suddenly, someone was captured.

"I've caught this bastard! Concrete method!"

"Tie him up! Rope!"

The Heaven and Earth members tried to use the Concrete method on a 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' member. It was an act which would never be considered honourable when revealed to the world.

The silent commentators quickly opened their mouths.

–Haha, that... The Heaven and Earth Clan are decisive... They are such a clan, yes.

–It is like this during a war. Maybe he will be released when the quest ends...

Crockta reacted immediately. He ran towards the fanclub member. A blade was stuck in his back, attacks flew from every direction, and fireballs were rushing towards him. However, nothing stopped him.

“Bul’tarr—!”

Crockta ignored it all and threw his greatsword.

–No...!

–T-This!

The remaining member was mutilated by the greatsword. Crockta killed his companion before the Concrete method could be used. The last member of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ turned into white particles.

–Ah...

Crockta was hit by the fireballs. However, he got up and knocked down the enemies with his bare hands while gasping for air. The imperial army and Crockta stared at each other. The battlefield suddenly became quiet.

Everyone watching the screen realized it. All of the others had died. Now, Crockta was alone.

“Kulkulkul...”

Crockta chuckled in a low voice.

He raised his head. He straightened his back. He stared at the sky.

In a world which was real to him, the warrior remained alone. What type of sky was he seeing? In a state where time seemed to have stopped, the viewers also stared at the sky in the screen.



Crockta eventually returned alive. Another group had appeared to save him, and the Heaven and Earth Clan stopped. It was fortunate for everyone. The viewers were relieved that Crockta's adventure wasn't over, while the broadcasters were delighted by the ratings.

The Heaven and Earth Clan had a chance to reform their image. In the meantime, a user raised suspicion in the Elder Lord community.

[Author: Evening Games]

[Title: (Must Read) Crockta might be a user.txt]

[I am an Elder Lord pro who has been watching Crockta.

I think that Crockta is a user. This is based on three reasons.

Not long ago, something strange occurred during the battle where Crockta was in danger.

Elder Lord's time zone is different from reality, making it hard when broadcasting. In other words, the videos shown are on fast forward. Undergames cut out any unnecessary parts in order to make it in real-time as much as possible.

The reason why Undergames' broadcast is much faster than the private broadcast of BJ Heaven and Earth is due to editing.

I don't know about the people who only watched Undergames' broadcast, but in the BJ Heaven and Earth's video, a member of the clan reached out towards Crockta's forehead in the middle of the danger zone.

I asked the clan executives whom I personally know about what that member was doing.

At the time, the clan member saw something white between the torn parts of the headband. He didn't see it properly and failed to confirm it before dying.

In retrospect, have we ever seen Crockta's forehead? He first appeared in Laney's video wearing a black bandana, and later on he wore the headband.

NPCs can wear headbands, but it is a little suspicious.

Additionally, everyone saw Crockta killing the 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' member before the Concrete method could be used. NPCs know about this method, but it is strange that he would throw his body to save the person.

It is understandable if Crockta is a user. If people think Crockta is a NPC, he doesn't have to worry about the Concrete method, and if he dies, he can survive. So, his actions are natural if he has multiple lives.

Even when Crockta was fighting the Thawing Balhae Clan, he used the Concrete method against them. At that time, I thought of him as just a scary NPC, but it is natural behaviour if Crockta is a user.

First, let's assume that Crockta really is a user. His level must be very high. His achievements score wouldn't be a joke. He must be a ranker. When looking at the rankings, Choi Hansung is No.1 in Elder Lord.

The who is No.2?

'Mystery,' a private ranker who doesn't disclose any information. I think that Crockta is 'Mystery.' It is common sense that being a ranker can turn you into a star, so why would the second ranked person remain private?

Mystery is now level 142. It is much higher than Choi Hansung's level. Nobody knows who the level 142 monster is, but this is explained if Crockta is Mystery. In other words...

1. Crockta's forehead.
2. Concrete method.
3. The mystery of the identity of the second ranked user in Elder Lord.

I think that Crockta is a user for these three reasons. Of course, this evidence isn't sufficient. In fact, Crockta's actions don't make sense if he is a user. I never would've believed it if his headband hadn't been torn this time.

He will soon go against the Heaven and Earth Clan, and I hope it is properly revealed then.]

This post attracted people's attention.

The comments became a war between those who thought it made sense and those who didn't.

[Conspiracies Out: Now, there are even conspiracy theories for a game.

└ Nod Nod Bang: There is no physical evidence, and everything is circumstantial.

└ Post-it: The pieces moderately fit together ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ The lady selling bread in Maillard always wears a bandana, is she a user too? ㅋㅋ A user hiding her forehead ㅋㅋㅋㅋ

└ China Road: I am curious about Mystery's identity. Level 142... Doesn't the description fit Crockta? ㅋㅋ Although I don't know why he would pretend to be a NPC... There are no other obvious users who could be Mystery.

└ Food Fighter: Shut up. Whether Crockta is a user or not, he will be punished by the Heaven and Earth Clan.

└ Lime Tree: Mystery can't be an orc... I hate orcs. I wish that Rommel would take care of him.

└ Orc User: Lime Tree// Shut your mouth.

└ Lime Tree: Heaven and Earth Lover/// The orc lovers will be going for you next ㄴ

└ Orc Chanyanghae: I want to have a drink with Crockta if he really is a user.

└ Lukakuno9 : Crockta is a user. He is my Hyung-nim ㅋㅋ

└ Lime Tree: Lukakuno9/// Tell your next lie.

└ (View more)

It became a flash fire that attracted people's attention.

Meanwhile, the Heaven and Earth Clan and the army prepared to march. Their goal was Katalu in the center of Espada. Crockta would also be there. Now, the Heaven and Earth Clan and the empire were moving towards their ultimate goal.



Crockta held the old helmet. It was a black and solid steel helmet, with cuts and scratches all over due to its long history. Lenox's helmet...

The faint specks on the surface would be the blood of the Lenox enemies killed. Maybe the blood from when Lenox died still remained on it somewhere. Crockta couldn't bear to wear it and placed it on his knee.

Tashaquil's note was concise.

[You will need this, Great Warrior.]

He had sent Lenox's helmet to Crockta through Simba. On the way, Simba had met Kumarak, and Kumarak became interested in it due to Tashaquil. However, Crockta didn't know why Tashaquil said this would be necessary.

Crockta closed his eyes.

"Crockta! Eat *dot!* Come out!"

"I'll be there soon." Crockta replied.

However, his body didn't move from where he was sitting on the bed. He touched Lenox's helmet and sighed. He walked to the window and looked down at Katalu. They were busy preparing for the future battle. Everyone was collecting and moving wood to build walls and barricades.

Their expressions weren't dark. There was hope. They saw a chance after Crockta, Kumarak, Tiyo, and Anor joined them. They believed they might be able to win.

However, Crockta felt despair as he looked at their hopeful faces. He saw the tragedy before him. They would die.

...In the near future.

“Dammit...”

There was a strange phenomenon when he shook hands with Guardi, the leader of this place. Since then, his vision had changed. ‘Grey God’s Eyes’ continued to be activated. He couldn’t adjust it to his will, so he had to face the grim reality of their deaths.

This...

It was pointing to everyone’s death. He heard the sound of laughter. It came from a child. The child laughing on the street would soon die. The smiling mother following the child, she would also die. The deaths of the soldiers arming themselves were scheduled as well.

Everybody he saw would die in one day.

Crockta wanted to turn his eyes away, but he couldn’t. He had to face the passing procession of those whose deaths were already determined.

“Crockta! Why aren’t you coming *dot*?”

Tiyo called out to him from the bottom of the building. By his side were Anor and Kumarak. Simba yawned.

“Go first. I will come soon.” Crockta replied.

Crockta watched his companions walk away with burning eyes. They were no exception.

All of Katalu was going to die. There were no exceptions. Buildings, livestock, animals, soldiers, youths, children, seniors, women and men, they all had the same death number above their heads.

He couldn’t face such a horrible sight. Crockta closed his eyes. He would rather see the darkness behind his eyelids.

“Shit...”

Everyone who resisted had died. The tragedy would repeat in this place. The power of

the imperial forces was overwhelming, and there was no mercy. This time, they would devote themselves to destroying Katalu.

Crockta just wanted to turn away from it. If he closed his eyes, he didn't need to see any more deaths. How could he watch the cold deaths of those he valued through the numbers on top of their heads? He would rather turn away.

Then Crockta suddenly felt the rough texture of the helmet under his fingertips.

"Lenox."

This was what it meant. Lenox had taught him the laws of a warrior. As Crockta was about to fall into despair, Lenox's helmet returned him to reality.

Tashaquil might have seen all of this.

Crockta couldn't sit down like this. Somehow, he had to stand up. He wasn't just an orc. He was a fighter, a warrior...

And a warrior didn't give in.

"Indomitable will."

That was always the answer. Crockta opened his eyes.

Suddenly, something white scattered. White ash fell all around him.

".....!"

It wasn't the room he had just been in. This was a white world covered in ash, where the stars were blurred.

It was her.

"I missed you." The grey god laughed brightly.

CHAPTER 168

CROCKTA (1)

He looked down at his hands, human hands. Crockta had returned to being Ian.

Ian raised his head. The space looked like it did before. The white ash which covered the world, the dark blue sky, and the white dwarfs floating in the sky...

And her.

“What is happening?” Ian asked. It was a weary voice. “Why have you appeared again?”

“That looks like a bad expression.”

“Would you prefer this?”

Ian looked at her. All of these things were due to her. She had created Elder Lord and caused the massacre of countless people without feeling guilty. Now, even his companions would die. The grey god’s power, which he had received, revealed such disturbing deaths that he couldn’t even open his eyes.

She grinned. “You are always eager, Crockta.”

“Hurry up and stop the war.”

“Why should I?”

“This is your world.”

“That’s right.”

She waved her hand. Then the dark night sky and dim stars disappeared, revealing the landscape of the continent. Katalu appeared. The citizens were ready to fight, and everyone was busy. Then the view moved. The imperial army had reached the plains. Troops had been recruited, and the emperor sent additional knights.

It was a huge army. Once they marched over, Katalu would disappear from this world...

Just like the deaths he saw.

“Do you like the Grey God’s Eyes?”

“It is awful.”

“That’s right.”

The field of view moved to the sky. Once again, it was the sky over Katalu. The Grey God’s Eyes’ view overlapped over the scenery of Katalu, and Ian jumped. The mark of death appeared again on all life in Katalu. There was nothing left. The enemies would advance tomorrow, and they would all die. Without knowing their fate, the citizens were desperately preparing for battle.

“Awful.” She grabbed some ash from the ground and threw it into the air. “I hope that they all die in this war because it is so awful.”

Ian closed his eyes. In the end, she wished for Katalu’s destruction. She, the grey god, was still playing her game. What were her intentions, and what was her final goal? He couldn’t figure it out.

“I don’t know what your intentions are, but I can’t tolerate the killing of those I can save.”

“Huhu, really?” She laughed.

The landscape of the continent was erased... And the black night and ashy world was brought back. There were dimly lit stars, and the wind scattered the white ash. The grey god’s appearance changed slowly.

The little girl transformed into an adult. After becoming an adult, her hair looked brilliant, like the sky at dawn. Then she opened her mouth.

‘Child.’ She spoke to Ian in the voice of a god. ‘A child who is afraid to see numerous deaths.’

The world changed. Everything was erased. There was no ash or the sky. It was just darkness. The two of them faced each other. She was the only thing which shone dimly in this pitch black darkness.

‘Look.’

In front of Ian, the appearance of Katalu rose up again. It was the landscape of Katalu which he’d seen while shaking hands with Guardi. Everyone’s deaths were reflected in his eyes. The whole city was covered in death. No one would survive. The countdown of their lives decreased and gradually rushed towards the tragedy.

At that moment, he could see their deaths with a greater force. When he looked at laughing children, he saw their dead bodies. A praying soldier would end up beheaded. Instead of the scent of flowers, the scent of rotten flesh and internal organs flowed through the city. He saw burning ruins instead of a beautiful temple, and a dead look overlay smiling expressions.

The lively city was ruined. He witnessed the end of everything in sight.

Nausea rose up inside him.

‘This is what I see.’

Ian wanted to close his eyes, but he couldn’t. Katalu’s tragedy poured onto him. It was an irreversible inevitability. They would die. Everyone would die. Inevitable death was surrounding them. He couldn’t stop it with his strength.

‘I always see death. Life is a process of convergence towards death. So, I want to save everyone.’

Ian gritted his teeth. This sounded somewhat plausible. As nobody could be saved, it was better to attach a legitimate reason to their deaths.

‘Run away.’ Crockta looked at her. ‘I care about you. Your job is done. Hurry and escape. If you run away, you will be safe. Your death doesn’t belong to this place.’

It was a soft voice. She came up to Crockta and whispered in his ears. The sweet words teased at his mind.

‘There is no need to always take the hard path. I don’t blame you for sometimes being comfortable.’

Yes. Ian closed his eyes. He had always walked the hard path. For a long time, he had never been comfortable. So the hardships felt more comfortable for him.

‘It isn’t the time for you to die.’

Ian wanted to ask her more. He prepared to open his mouth. However, when he opened his eyes again... Crockta was alone in his room. She had returned him from her grey world.

“I wish it was just a dream.”

He moved his eyes. Crockta looked out the window. The bird’s death was still far away. The bird seemed free and easy. With their wings, a bird could go anywhere they wanted. There were no responsibilities; they just followed the wind.

He leaned against his greatsword. His face was vaguely reflected in it. He was Crockta, the orc warrior with green skin. There was no death above his head. He couldn’t see his own death. However, the grey god said that his death wasn’t in this place.

‘I don’t blame you for sometimes being comfortable.’

Thus far, he had been carrying the burden of others. Crockta didn’t need to suffer through all the deaths here. He had tried hard enough. Nobody would blame him for throwing in the towel in the face of such a hopeless fight.

‘Be comfortable.’

Like others, he could just think of Elder Lord as a game.

He could leave Katula and travel Elder Lord. He was a ranker, so he could live comfortably with his sister in real life. He would laugh with Han Yeori and Yoo Sooyeon while operating the cafe, attend Yiyu’s graduation, occasionally drink coffee with Ji Hayeon and exercise with Baek Hanho.

Then he might meet a lover who would be with him for the rest of his life. It was a life of old age that he had never imagined. He imagined scenes he had never allowed himself to before. He was an old man with his children and grandchildren around him.

Kuuong.

Crockta heard a sudden sound and looked at its source.

Degururu.

A black steel helmet was rolling. It had a rough appearance which cleared away all the sweet thoughts. Crockta grabbed it. There were cuts and scratches all over due to its long history. He swept a hand over the helmet's rough surface. The battle scars remained. The memories of a warrior were present in every scar engraved on the helmet.



“Crockta, you didn’t come to eat *dot*!” After finishing his meal, Tiyo opened Crockta’s door and cried out. At that moment, the wind blew and messed up his hair.

“Eh?”

There was no one in the room. The window was open, and the wind was blowing. He didn’t see a big orc warrior sitting on the bed, wiping his greatsword.

“Hrmm?”

Tiyo stepped into the room and looked around. There was no sign of him. The backpack that Crockta normally carried was still leaning on the side of the bed.

“What *dot*?”

While eating the meal, he had wondered where the orc was. Surely Crockta wouldn’t skip a meal? It couldn’t be.

“This bastard, did he find a hidden restaurant *dot*?” He must’ve found an incredibly delicious restaurant and hidden it from them. It was obvious that Crockta had gone to eat alone. “I’ll have to question him *dot*.”

Tiyo sat down on the bed. It was fluffy. He bounced up and down before suddenly looking at the window. A crow was sitting on the windowsill and staring at him. Its eyes were irreverent. Tiyo stared at it. The gnome and bird started a staring contest.

Then the crow made a ridiculing sound and flew away from the window.

“What a bad guy *dot*.”

Tiyo rose from his spot. Anyway, there was no Crockta.



The screen opened and flashed. The screens which decorated the streets and buildings all suddenly changed channels. People on the streets were puzzled because they didn't know what was going on.

The channel name appeared in the upper right corner of the screen. It was the Undergames channel. At that moment, the passersby had a hunch about the contents. The commentators' and host's faces soon appeared, and their expressions were stiff.

It looked like they were in a hurry as they looked at the camera and opened their mouths.

–Breaking news.



Crockta moved away from Katalu. The outline of Katalu was now far away. His chest tightened with every step he took towards the horizon.

His death didn't belong to this place. The grey god's words were correct. There was a path. Every step he took, the deaths he saw changed colour. One step, another step, the fate of the world and its people distorted.

He looked up at the sky. The crows couldn't be seen.

'This is your choice?' Crockta looked in the direction of the voice. The grey god appeared as a translucent figure. He wasn't surprised. Crockta smiled and continued moving.

'Fool.'

Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder. One sword, that was enough. He started humming. His task was beyond this horizon. His mind felt clearer than ever before. Crockta was a warrior, the best technician in battle. It was better for a skilled worker to do the job. Skilled workers were never nervous. With a calm mind, they would deal with the most important moments like it was an everyday routine.

Crockta's mind cleared, causing the landscape to become sharp and crisp. Once in

awhile, the vivid view before him would blur. His body spontaneously entered the realm of the Pinnacle. He took one step to reach the Hero realm and then returned to the Pinnacle with the next step. He was in top shape.

The grey god spoke again, 'Go back now.'

Crockta opened his mouth and asked, "Is today still the day I won't die?"

She didn't answer. Crockta walked towards his own death. If someone whose fate of not dying could die, it was possible for those fated to die to survive. The Grey God's Eyes probably showed his scheduled death.

His steps caused a stir in the fate of the world.

'You are stupid.' The grey god said. Her expression was one of anger. 'Yes. You were always like this.'

She waved her hand.

Adults appeared in Crockta's field of view, a scene of the distant past. On a day when rain was pouring down, he had met a man and a woman. They looked down at Ian and grabbed his hand. He had been told to call them Mother and Father from then on.

'You were always looking at other people's feelings and sacrificing yourself for them.'

His adoptive parents seemed to be infertile, but they eventually conceived a child. Ian felt blessed about the attitude of his adoptive parents towards him. So, he gave all the joyful things to the baby and carried everything hard.

'Always sacrificing yourself. For your little sister, for the parents who neglected you. For your little sister whose parents died when she was young, you plunged into the battlefield and shed blood.'

The endless sound of shelling, the voices of the murderers, the sad days when he had to kill or when he had to send away his companions...

'You, despite fighting for your sister, went out to rescue your companions and sought the most dangerous missions. That is who you are, Jung Ian. Your conception was the cause of your mother's despair. Your birth was unwanted, but you persistently survived the drugs that she took while pregnant. In the end, you were abandoned at

birth, and now you keep struggling to keep others alive.'

The grey god blocked Crockta's way.

'Where do your instincts come from? They come from the selfish gene. In a world where you can't die, aren't you just a hypocrite who refuses to adapt to nature? How else do you explain your instincts to not stop in the face of death?'

Crockta went past her. His goal was under the hill.

She whispered from behind Crockta, 'Run away now.'

Crockta shook his head. The grey god's face distorted.

'Okay. Look. You are just a hypocrite.'

At that moment, something flashed. Crockta's eyes narrowed at the glare. The grey god became more blurred, and an unknown power flowed from her. Then the system messages popped up.

[Disabling the assimilation rate limiter.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate...]

Crockta dismissed the string of message windows. Beyond it, the grey god was staring at him.

[Your assimilation rate is 100%.]

[Full synchronization status.]

[Your safety cannot be guaranteed. Danger.]

[I am warning you.]

[Your assimilation rate is 100%.]

[Full synchronization status.]

[Danger.]

CHAPTER 169

CROCKTA (2)

‘Now Crockta.’ The grey god said. ‘You are here. Elder Lord is a different world from Earth, but with my strength, I have torn the boundary and brought you here.’

She pushed her face against his. ‘If you die here, you will die forever. Your little sister and your precious people will never see the person called Jung Ian again. They will cry by your cold body.’

The fallen god, the grey god... The creator of Elder Lord, whose identity was unknown...

She had linked Jung Ian’s soul to this world. It led to his assimilation rate reaching 100%. At this point, Crockta and Ian, their deaths meant the same thing. If he died here, there was no place for his soul to return. He would die forever.

Crockta’s expression became dark. It was unknown if the look in his eyes was anger or sorrow.

The grey god asked, ‘Are you scared? No regrets? You can change your mind right now...’

“Kulkulkul.”

He laughed at her words. The grey god fell silent. Crockta was laughing, and his deep laugh rang out about him.

“Grey God. Even though you said it yourself, you don’t know what it really means.”

Crockta looked up at the sky. The blue expanse of Elder Lord stretched infinitely in front of him. Crockta didn’t need to be told. He could feel it the moment his assimilation reached 100%. His body might be in the capsule, but thanks to the power of the grey god, his soul was here.

The wind against his skin, the smell of dirt coming from the ground. The heart pumping blood in his body, the pulse of the earth under his feet. The bright sun. The

grey god staring at him. He could truly feel it...

Ian was now Crockta. An orc warrior who had been born a warrior, someone who had been taught by Lenox and proved his honour in many fights... He was 'Northern Conqueror' Crockta, no one else.

"As you said, I am Crockta."

He raised his greatsword.

"I am Lenox's student and Hoyt's friend, a warrior recognized by Tashaquil. I inherited the warriors' laws from Orcrox, saved Arnin, defended Chesswood, and saved Quantas. Along with Shakan, I killed the behemoth and opened the north, killed the northern great chieftain, became the northern great chieftain, and now I'm the orc warrior who will destroy the empire."

He stopped moving. The imperial army was camped under the hill. They would burn Katalu before tomorrow ended. Crockta raised his greatsword. The sunlight reflected off it, causing a brilliant light to shine. The imperial army soon discovered him.

The grey god didn't say anything more.

Crockta burst out laughing. It was the perfect feeling. The feeling of unity with the world embraced him. His body entered the realm of the Pinnacle. The world slowed down as he felt the wings of the bird flying in the sky, as well as the winds shaking it. He stood in the midst of the reversing fate of the world.

He now truly belonged to this world. A splendid line penetrating the world entered his eyes. Crockta equipped the helmet held at his side. The red headband around his forehead loosened and blew away in the wind, as Lenox's helmet was placed on his head.

His heart beat wildly. At this moment, the fate of this world changed completely. The convergence of all deaths was reversed. Instead, there was only one scheduled death. Crockta's actions, which the world had never envisioned, took away the deaths floating on top of all their heads.

Now, he couldn't see death. Death had lost its way.

Look.

Crockta saw the line which had been present in his battle against Adandator, a vivid streak of indescribable colour. It was shaking finely, urging Crockta on. The world was pushing at his back.

Crockta stepped forward. He took two steps.

Now, the troops of the imperial army were fully aware of Crockta's presence. Crockta descended the gently slope of the hill and headed towards them. He could see the face of someone in the distance. It was the BJ, who followed the Heaven and Earth Clan.

Crockta shifted his gaze. He saw Rommel. Rommel's face was stiff with a seemingly stunned expression. By his side was the person called Keynes, who was the leader of Thawing Balhae and the one who killed Lenox. The guy next to him was probably Grom, now called Luin. Then there were the Blue Dragon Lancers and White Lion Knights, as well as Adandator, whom Crockta had split ways with. The sight of the whole army entered Crockta's eyes.

Then Crockta chuckled in a low voice. He faced the entire army. The presence of that overwhelming number crushed his body, but he felt good. All the deaths had been lost and were now circling around Crockta. Maybe today, those deaths would bite at Crockta.

However, it didn't matter. With his head covered by the old steel helmet, he was able to confront the enemies with the eyes of an orc warrior facing death, just like Lenox had done.

Crockta puffed up his chest proudly in the face of his fate.

Bul'tar.



The imperial army arranged their camp. Then Rommel walked out. Rommel's and Crockta's gazes met. They stared into each other's eyes, and that alone allowed them to read each other's will.

Crockta hadn't come to negotiate with Rommel, so they would do everything in their power to kill each other. This was a close to impossible war. Rommel simply couldn't understand Crockta.

Rommel suddenly asked, "Do you think you can stop it alone?"

Crockta smiled instead of answering. Rommel spoke again, "Why are you blocking us?"

He would never be able to understand. It was just like how people who never had faith couldn't understand the gods. Since Rommel had never rebelled against injustice, he took unrighteousness for granted. They were so different that they were looking at each other from different grounds.

However, Crockta wanted to ask him, "Why are you attacking them?"

Rommel's face stiffened. He glanced back at the location of the people filming this. The world was watching them.

"That..."

He hesitated. It was an obvious question, but he couldn't answer. What was the reason for raising an army to multiply the pain and tragedy in this world?

At this moment, Crockta felt that not just Earth but the entire world of Elder Lord was watching them. The vanished grey god, the many gods of Elder Lord, the sky and the earth were watching them.

Rommel opened his mouth. "They are our enemies."

"Why?"

"If you block us any further, then you will also become our enemy."

"Didn't you come to this place to betray their faith, and slaughter the innocents, just to gain money and equipment?" That excuse was so crude that Crockta laughed. "Human who does not know honour."

"I am an elf. Are you perhaps a user?"

However, Crockta raised his gaze. He wasn't looking at Rommel anymore. Instead, he was looking at the flag of the empire and the army beneath it.

Ian was currently Crockta, an orc warrior who understood this world. To him, this was an inevitable battlefield and one that needed to take place. However, the gods of this

world wouldn't understand it.

Not just Rommel but the emperor and those on Earth who were fixed to the screen... none of them would understand.

He was a one-man army. It was a reckless fight. Why was he standing here? Why did he want to fight ahead of the scheduled destruction?

They wondered why he was on this impossible battlefield. Then he would let them know.

So, listen carefully.



"I am an orc, a warrior."

Crockta was part of the orcs who kept traces of the forgotten god; he was a warrior who vowed to prove that honour was more important than death.

Lenox wasn't dead. The orc that the troops of the imperial army were looking at right now was Crockta, Lenox, Gulda, Kinjur and all the warriors they thought they had killed. However, none of them were dead.

"A warrior doesn't forsake faith."

Hoyt had taught Crockta this. In this finite world where life and death flickered, they hoped that their lives weren't in vain and believed that life was meaningful. The faith that connected people couldn't be dismissed, and a warrior couldn't tolerate the tragedies.

"A warrior doesn't persecute the weak."

Warriors didn't kill those who surrendered. The logic of power was just an excuse for the unrighteous. Those who persecuted the weak were submissive to those who were stronger, and this wasn't allowed for warriors.

"A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people."

A person who killed an enemy after they abandoned their weapon didn't have the right

to fight. A warrior fought to protect. It was because they understood the weight of death, despite being warriors of death.

“A warrior doesn’t yield to injustice.”

Everyone died. Submitting to unrighteousness to avoid dying was like insulting the journey from life to death. The warriors had to prove that death wasn’t the end. They believed that they weren’t just dust in the universe, so they went forward filled with faith, not the fear of death.

“A warrior doesn’t shame the gods.”

He came in as a voice or a pair of eyes.

Someone who always watched over the warriors. He was the only who always touched them so that their will wouldn’t be broken and so that the lonely wouldn’t be pushed down. They had to be wary so that his hand didn’t leave them.

“A warrior pays back any favours or vengeance.”

Even if people forgot, a warrior always had to remember. They didn’t forget any grace given to them. There was a price for everything, and retribution would come back. The net of the heavens was wide and didn’t miss a sinner, so a warrior should never turn away from any helpers or enemies.

“A warrior protects the powerless.”

The world was harsh and sometimes unfair. People often called the world a product of chance. However, a warrior didn’t agree with that and never gave up. The universe wasn’t a coincidence, this world wasn’t dust, and time and space were clearly meaningful. In order to prove it, warriors had to raise their weapons and protect those unjustly persecuted.

The world wasn’t just about life and death. A warrior believed there was something precious in between. The struggle to prevent injustice made them more than dust. So, the warriors swore...

“I swear to the gods, I will abide by these laws as a warrior.”

Crockta raised Ogre Slayer. This sword had always fought together with him. He didn’t

need a brilliant sword or a great artifact. He wanted this friend who never changed, whose handle always fit in his grip.

Crockta already had it.

“Prove your honour.”

Now, the defense was over. No one would question why he stood here, why he was bothering to fight, and why he chose to raise the sword instead of running away.

Of course, they didn’t really know. He told them everything, but there were those who would never understand. So, it was now time for his sword.

Crockta looked at them. The imperial army couldn’t believe the sight before them. They were facing one enemy, but the huge force coming from him caused them to feel frightened. Fear rose as they gripped their weapons.

Crockta smiled. It didn’t matter what the enemy was. Strong or weak, it didn’t matter now. His concern was the greatsword in his hand and his own body.

The sense of unity with the world heightened his mood. He was now Crockta, and Elder Lord was his reality. The weapons were raised before him, while the lost deaths showed up for their prey. All possibilities pointed again towards his death, but Crockta shook his head.

Lenox’s death had changed everything. Now that Crockta stood fully in the world of Elder Lord, he was able to understand why the orcs had laughed in the face of death on that day.

The wind blew past. Crockta could hear the whispers of the old warriors. Their question was always the same.

‘Are you alive?’

He hadn’t known back then. There was no way he could have known. However, he had an answer now.

The corners of his mouth rose. Crockta smiled. He let out a chuckle. Then he raised his head, puffed out his chest, and lifted his blade.

Crockta declared towards Rommel... And towards the army surrounding him. He declared to the world.

“Come, human.”

CHAPTER 170

ENCIRCLEMENT BATTLE (1)

There was a pause after Crockta's words. He declared that he would face the imperial army alone. Rommel and the troops were all silent. The plain was silent.

"I see." After a moment, Rommel raised his hand as he turned his horse. It was an attack command. He tried to move back to his position. Crockta had no intention of letting him go. Crockta jumped forward. The two knights escorting Rommel hurriedly raised their swords.

Kaaang!

One knight's blade was broken. The horse jumped with fright as Crockta headed towards it. The knight held the reins tightly. Rommel rushed away. Crockta missed the opportunity. He grinned as he cut down the horse and knight.

The battle was about to begin. The large army stretched out in front of him. They didn't move.

He would go if they didn't come. Crockta started to run. Ogre Slayer cried out. It appeared to be excited about the upcoming feast. It was the same for Crockta. The soldiers were still hesitant about fighting. They would die if they didn't concentrate.

Crockta jumped. His greatsword collided with the formation of the imperial army. The greatsword moved. Crockta crashed into the troops.

Kwaang!

The soldiers fell at once. He stepped on them and struck the next row. As Crockta pushed into the imperial army, it grew. He was gradually surrounded. But he didn't care. This was the excitement of melee combat. He split the enemy apart with his greatsword and caused a fountain of blood.

An individual versus an army. There was an overwhelming number of adversaries as enemies surrounded him on all sides. But it was the army that was being sliced away. It wasn't enough to surround him on all sides.

Crockta's horizontal slash split apart all the enemies in front of him. It was an explosive advance.

"Only this much———!"

The entire army shook at his roar. Crockta took a step forward. The imperial army moved out of the way. Crockta laughed and raised his greatsword. The enemies burst forward. The blades on every side didn't reach him.

Now that his assimilation rate reached 100%, Crockta's senses were sharper than ever. He fought everything on the battlefield. He could feel the excitement. The feeling of the flesh of his enemies being torn, as well as the terrified swords shaking.

"Those looking to kill me———!"

Crockta smiled as he saw Rommel's confused face. He stabbed a soldier's neck and grabbed his spear. Ogre Slayer spun around once, securing space for Crockta. The enemies collapsed. In that gap, the spear rushed towards Rommel.

It tore through the air. Two soldiers and one knight were pierced. Nevertheless, the spear headed towards Rommel's heart without losing strength.

Kakang!

Crockta turned around without seeing the results. Rommel would live or die. He concentrated on the soldiers rushing towards him. At that moment, he crossed swords with a somehow familiar face. It was a face he had seen previously.

He cut the person's throat, causing blood to splatter all over. His vision was blocked and he struck both soldiers at once. Their upper and lower bodies mixed together. He kicked them away. Then his greatsword aimed at those who had fallen back from the horrible sight.

Their bodies were split apart and their guts flowed down.

"Rommel———!"

He shouted the names of his enemies.

"Keynes———!"

Their faces were pale.

“Luin————!”

He knocked down the enemies around him. The terrified soldiers retreated. There was a lot of space around Crockta. There were no enemies at all in this area. His greatsword lowered as he lost his opponents. He looked at the dead bodies at his feet. Limbs and flesh were scattered.

Crockta laughed. The soldiers were terrified. The enemy’s fear was his friend. The blood and flesh covered Crockta shouted.

“Betring————!”

The people in the distance were surprised. The flag of the White Lion Knights was fluttering. Why didn’t they come? The soldiers in front of them were in such a poor state, so why didn’t the knights appear yet?

“Bluno————!”

Then he called out the name of the Blue Dragon Lancer’s leader. If they wouldn’t come then he would directly go to them. Crockta wielded his greatsword as he barged forward. The soldiers around him were crushed. They were cut, split apart and stabbed. These actions were repeated and he steadily opened the way.

The troops filled up. Once again, they were cut, split apart and stabbed.

“Adandator————!”

Adandator’s face was visible near Rommel. Rommel’s side was bleeding. It had hit. It was probably Adandator who broke the spear. Crockta saw that Adandator’s pupils were enlarged. Adandator’s eyelids fluttered as sweat fell down and his lips trembled. Crockta laughed again.

His senses even picked up the wildly beating heartbeat. He had said it. Don’t meet him on the battlefield.

Crockta shouted again.

“Come————!”

The earth shook. Rommel gritted his teeth and gave the signal. The command shifted. Arrows poured out towards Crockta. Crockta grabbed a soldier and used him as a shield. His body was pierced. However, all the soldiers around him were sacrificed.

The blood of the dead soldier flowed down towards Crockta. Bodies filled with arrows, riddled with holes like a beehive, were scattered around him. Their allies abandoned them.

“Kulkulkul.”

Only this much, Rommel.

Crockta hurled the body. He smiled at Rommel. The soldiers witnessed the sacrifice of their companions and couldn't approach.

Crockta raised his greatsword and wandered forward. The soldiers moved back. The enemies retreated. The gap between him and the imperial army was getting closer. The crowd soon reached the limitations of this space. The soldiers, who were unable to retreat anymore, crouched and raised their weapons.

After a moment, there was a new call sign from the commander. The flags of the knights started to move from their formation. It was a cavalry assault. The sound of horseshoes started to quicken. It was the soldiers who reacted first. They ran away so they wouldn't be hurt from the assault. The knights' flags were gradually getting closer.

Crockta followed behind the soldiers. The formation became a mess. He entered deeply through the barriers. Once again, he stood in the middle of soldiers. The charging knights didn't stop. The commander didn't order a retreat.

They literally trampled the soldiers to get at Crockta. There were terrible screams.

Crockta lowered his posture and cut a horse's ankles. The horse fell down on the soldiers. The knight's charge was a disaster for their allies.

“I thought you were on the same side.”

Crockta laughed at them. They flocked to their own destruction. They were only fighting against one enemy. The troops assumed that the person would be wiped out by the army. The confused imperial troops used every means of attack without

knowing how to stop Crockta.

Arrows flew while the cavalry charged. However, it was the soldiers who were consumed, not Crockta.

Rommel shouted. It was uncommon for Rommel to raise his voice. "General soldiers get out of the way! The knights are committed to stopping Crockta! Knights charge!"

Crockta didn't just wait for them. He persistently pursued the fleeing soldiers. The soldiers, who couldn't choose between retreating or their own army, were overwhelmed and killed. It was like jumping into a flock of sheep.

His dignified appearance rose far above them.



The blades of the knights crept towards Crockta through the gap caused by infantry soldiers dying. After a battle of attrition, they finally reached Crockta.

"Die, monster!" A knight boldly yelled.

Crockta admired it and gave him Ogre Slayer as the prize. The greatsword tore his mouth and half his face. The upper jaw was separated from the lower jaw. Then Crockta kicked the body, stopping the knights behind him. He swung the greatsword from left to right. It hit the bodies of the knights who were tangled up together.

A fountain of blood.

Duk.

A head that soared into the sky fell and bounced off Crockta's helmet. The face of the one who called Crockta a monster was stiff. He hadn't wanted this ending.

Crockta stepped on his face. It was the same for Crockta.

The imperial army finally separated the soldiers from Crockta. The knights surrounded him. They were different from regular soldiers. The elites of the empire, led by Bluno, Betring, and Adandator surrounded him.

Tension filled him. Crockta felt his enemies enter the realm of the Pinnacle. Knight

after knight after knight, while the soldiers surrounded him. There was no place to escape. He was isolated. He finally stood in a Colosseum. A cruel stage where he would die if he didn't kill.

Crockta's body accelerated. The realm of the Pinnacle. This moment felt like a eternity. At some point, Crockta was the one who moved first. It was a subtle moment that the knights didn't realize. The greatsword flew towards them.

Kakang!

It was Adandator who stopped him. He confronted Crockta. He overcame the pressure of Ogre Slayer and countered Crockta. The other knights recognized their movements only after several blows had been exchanged.

They tried to find a gap, only for Adandator to be punched in the face. A few teeth flew away.

In the meantime, the knights' blades flooded towards Crockta. They couldn't be avoided. At that moment, he transcended to the realm of a Hero. He was supposed to be cut, but the swords hit their masters instead. The knights' armor was crushed as they were thrown back. But,

A trickle of blood flowed down Crockta's cheek.

“.....”

Crockta turned to the knight at his side. It was the leader of the Blue Dragon Lancers, Bluno. As if he felt it, the knight's spear had reached into the realm of a Hero. He overcame Crockta's control of causality and hit Crockta.

He was better than expected.

Crockta aimed Ogre Slayer at Bluno. He panicked and twisted his body. However, he couldn't escape and his forehead was torn. His life was saved by a whisker. At the same time, Adandator and Betring approached Crockta.

The knights united. The attacks of the knights surrounded him from all four sides. Crockta countered the threat with the power of the Hero, but the strength of the knights, including Adadantor, was also incredible.

Some of the blades that he couldn't stop cut at Crockta.

Crockta tightened his grip on his greatsword. Many knights were torn apart as blood flowed down Crockta's body. The vacancy of the dead knights was filled with other knights.

He kept killing and killing. This was what he wanted.

Crockta grinned and his spirit cleared. His body reaccelerated. At that moment, he struck a knight who lost concentration. The knight couldn't respond to the rapid attack and the helmet belonging to the dead rolled across the ground.

Crockta looked around and laughed, "Kulkulkul..."

The knights retreated, spreading out carefully as they watched him. Crockta licked his lips. The absurd difference in numbers and the limits of an individual started to be revealed. At that moment, Adandator suddenly raised his head. Betring and the other knights looked somewhere else. A long shadow was covering them. Crockta also looked back.

From the hill, someone on a horse was coming down. He whistled at the sight in front of his eyes and said with a grin "I'm not too late."

CHAPTER 171

ENCIRCLEMENT BATTLE (2)

“Hey Rodríguez, my man-”

“Oh, hey Bob. Wassup, man. It’s been a while. What brings you here?”

Rodríguez welcomed Bob who came after a long time. He opened the barrier protecting the counter and came out. The two of them shook hands and bumped shoulders.

“I need something urgently. Can you get it?”

“Of course. The customer is the king, Bro. Someone who is a friend and customer is an emperor, and you fit both criteria.”

“Reynolds...”

“Reynolds?”

Rodríguez raised his eyebrows. While he was a famous money exchanger, the things he dealt in were a bit special. Rodríguez exchanged currency and items between Elder Lord and the real world. Users who struggled in Elder Lord could use their assets in reality and those in need of items would also come to Rodríguez.

Therefore, he was quite familiar with Elder Lord. Reynolds wasn’t someone’s name, but the name of a city that he had heard often as of late. It was the gateway city to the south in Elder Lord.

Rodríguez pointed to Bob and said, “Hey, Champ. I can guess.”

“Hmm?”

“Are you looking for a scroll?”

“Ohh, shush. Bro. How’d you know? Are you a mind reader? Psychokinesis? CIA?”

Bob's shoulders trembled. Rodríguez chuckled and replied to Bob, "The correct answer is CIA."

"What? Really? Shouldn't this be a secret? That you're a secret agent? Have you been tracking me?"

"Noob, not that CIA. I'm talking about Cash Indicates Answer. I see the truth when people spend money and I dig it out. For example, don't you think about putting on another accent?"

"Of course, I think that every time I go to the clubs."

"The women must be thinking the opposite."

"They are impressed by things like that."

"Don't be fooled by the push and pull strategy, Bro."

Rodríguez opened his phone. He was connected with the branches in other regions, sharing quotes and transactions. He touched his phone a few times and the screen changed, displaying an item that had started to experience a recent surge in transactions.

"Look, you're not the only one. Everybody is looking for a scroll."

"Ohh... my god."

"Do you see the price? It is no joke. There isn't much left in the inventory. So, tell me. What's going on? Why is everybody suddenly looking for this scroll? Is it a fad like the 300 BPM these days?"

"Um..."

Bob closed his eyes. Rodríguez prompted him.

"Hey, Bro. If you let me know, I'll give you a Reynolds scroll. It will be at the lowest price. It is the same as the FA releasing Cristiano Ronaldo. He was also in his prime. Okay?"

"I understand. I understand."

Bob whispered something into Rodríguez's ears. Rodríguez stroked his chin and looked at Bob's face seriously before nodding. Then he hit Bob's back.

"Hey, my man. Find Jackie in Reynolds Square. Let me ask you something. Are you going on your own?"

"I'm going with my friends."

"Okay. The password is the same, so let me know if you have any problems."

Bob nodded. He reached out a hand after telling Rodríguez that the connection was urgent. Rodríguez grabbed his hand. The two of them exchanged a macho greeting again.

"Thanks, Rodríguez."

"This is nothing. I'll cheer you on, Bob."

"I'll see you again."

Bob waved and left the store. Rodríguez went behind the counter again.

He made his living off Elder Lord but he didn't pay much attention to the game play. To him, Elder Lord was a business. But after seeing Bob, he suddenly wanted to play Elder Lord again. He turned on the television.

The hot topic was being talked about. The Heaven and Earth Clan was fighting one NPC. It was strange that a confrontation between an NPC and users would be a hot topic, and it was also interesting that people defended the NPC and blamed the users.

"Coming and going... there will be no trade with the south for a while."

There wouldn't be a lot of people coming and going from the south due to the devastation. The orc in the hot topic resisted to the end and escaped with the help of his allies. The next battleground was going to be Katalu. AS a merchant, he calculated the impact of the conflict between the two sides and its consequences.

No matter how he thought about it, the imperial army would win. The relevant communities and industry insights all predicted the imperial army's victory. Some people were already lining up there.

“Umm...”

He remembered Bob’s face. It was rare that he had such an enthusiastic friend. In addition, Bob bought the ‘Haste’ scroll that hadn’t been selling much lately. It wasn’t just that. Something was moving.

“Is it an adventure?”

As Rodríguez was thinking, the television screen suddenly changed. The screen was reporting breaking news. Rodríguez’s eyes widened as he saw the contents.

It was news that the NPC Crockta had appeared alone in front of the imperial army.



The Undergames chat room was in turmoil. As the broadcast resumed after the breaking news, people thought that it was just before the capture of Katalu, and the Heaven and Earth Clan would face Crockta again.

But the video shown on the screen was quite different from what they imagined. The imposing sight of the imperial army was still the same. Rommel was the commander. He was showing the dignity of a commander under the flag of the empire.

However, the opponent was different. They weren’t facing an army or a group of people. There was no resistance group prepared for death.

Just one orc. The steel helmet covered his face. However, he had fearsome tattoos on his body, a steel belt resembling a demon’s face and a giant greatsword.

It was clearly Crockta.

They were skeptical at first. Why the hell did he come alone? Perhaps he had come for negotiations. Or maybe Crockta came to beg for his life. In the end, even he surrendered to the overpowering might.

However, he came to fight. He recited the warriors’ laws and lifted his greatsword.

The moment he said ‘come’ to the army.

Everyone watching the screen. They all realized. He was real. A real warrior defending

his beliefs in life. He couldn't be stopped with fear or threats. He wasn't afraid of even death. He stood in front of the great army with just his greatsword. There was no clearer message than this.

Those supporting the Heaven and Earth Clan and those who suspected Crockta, they could no longer mock him. It was because of what was occurring right before their eyes.

[Dwarf Shoot: It is bul'tar from today on. Bul'tar!

Humans are the Best: He is a really crazy guy. I acknowledge that today is about bul'tar.

Sadder than Yesterday: Hyung-nim ㅏ ㅏ ㅏ Hyung-nim must win. Bul'tar!! Crockta hyung-nim, bul'tar!!

Today's Lunch: Hah... In my 30 years of life... the tears that didn't come even when I was in the army... today I am crying... Bul'tar...

Cheongsong Mountain Lim Chang Jung: Cr,,,azy,,,guy,,,~! When I was young,,, I fought alone against 17 people,,,~! Kyah,,,~! Bul'tar,,,~!

Lantern: Smash the empire, Crockta! Bul'tar!

Fire Eagle: ㅏ ㅏ ㅏ Will Crockta hyung-nim die?? What are other people doing?

Hip Hop Eagle: Hah... I am very ashamed of my actions in the past... This is real swag... Swag is over, I will now say bul'tar!

Rock Star Account: ㄴ Please refrain from doing that ㄹ

Returning Orc User: My chest is hot with excitement. Orcs are too big.

Sunchang Group's Youngest: Crockta... You are not a servant... You are the master of your life...!

Yeoksam Ronaldo: I will dedicate my ceremony to Crockta hyung-nim when I kick a goal tomorrow!]

The battle began. It was hard to believe this was the power of an individual. He barged into the soldiers alone and killed them all. Fountains of blood and corpses filled the screen. He killed several people every time he moved.

This was the power of the 'Northern Conqueror.' He was like a blender grinding down the enemies. Due to his brutal actions, a mosaic flashed over parts of the screen. Rommel was upset. He always commanded battles calmly, so this was the first time seeing his surprised expression.

He raised his hands. Arrows flew. Crockta survived but the soldiers surrounding him were killed by the arrows.

Killing one's own side. Accusations started flooding in.

[Rommel Dog Scum: Killing his own allies ㄨㄨㄨ How pathetic.

Positive Affirms Positive: When did I start truly seeing this guy ㄣㄣㄣ My eyes have been broadened.

Analyst: This isn't like Rommel. He seems at a loss. He will soon regain his spirit. In the end, the difference between numbers is too big.

Mint Toothpaste: ㄣㄣㄣㄣ The poor soldiers ㄣㄣㄣ Crockta is laughing.

Sound Summoner: Crockta is smart. Keep digging in.

Barbarian Yorick: That guy looks like me huhuhu.

Buddha Walker: There are still so many opponents for Crockta to overcome... Have strength, bul'tar!

Snake Face: I don't know how this battle will turn out.]

The battle continued. Rommel's mistake continued. He tried to crush Crockta with the

knights' assault, but the soldiers ended up wounded or killed. Rommel's command, which didn't care for the well-being of the infantry, was in contrast with Crockta, who came to protect people.

The people cheering for Crockta grew. However, the difference in numbers they were worried about started to show. After all these attempts, Rommel separated Crockta from the soldiers and surrounded him with knights.

Knights weren't easy to slaughter like the soldiers. They were elite combatants in full armour, and many were advanced fighters. Furthermore, there was Adandator who Crockta once dueled with. At the time, Crockta had managed to win. However, it was much more difficult on a battlefield where he was surrounded.

Blades flashed inside the encirclement. Crockta killed several knights. His skills were brilliant. But in the end, his wounds gradually increased. The attacks flying from every direction ate away at Crockta's body.

Everyone thought it was over.

At this moment, something happened. A long shadow draped over them. The camera angle slowly moved. On the hill, a knight was descending with the sun behind him. Both Crockta and the knights forgot their battle and looked at him.

The chat window once again became busy as his identity was confirmed.

[Mountaineer Hunter: Why is this crazy guy here?

You are a Legend: ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ I can only laugh.

Come Spring: He really came to kill Crockta ㅋㅋ He is crazy.

Toothpaste Cap: They're currently in the middle of battle, so why did he show up here?

Post-it: Did this crazy guy come to join them?

Empire Strikes Back: This guy is crazy right? Is he siding with the imperial army?

Crockta's Fan: Ah, this guy is killing me. I will attack if he kills Crockta.

Nightfall: I'd like to go and beat him up.

Sword Mania: I want to rip his clothes.

Sage Bul'tar: Let's watch carefully... We don't know...]



"I'm not too late."

His words discouraged Crockta. The man who appeared here, the one who declared that he would kill Crockta.

White Knight Andre. He rode a white horse and wore shining armor.

"I always keep what I say. Crockta." Andre pointed his sword at Crockta. "The stage is chaotic."

He smiled at Rommel.

"Do you mind?"

Rommel knew his identity so he gave an order to his subordinate. The Heaven and Earth Clan hurriedly wrote a message. The whisper was sent to White Knight Andre. He listened to the Heaven and Earth Clan's proposal.

The white knight nodded as he gazed into the air. Rommel and Andre's gaze met as they nodded towards each other. The unspoken agreement was finished.

"Go, Crockta."

The white horse started running.

CHAPTER 172

ENCIRCLEMENT BATTLE (3)

Andre and his white horse ran down the hill.

Rommel gave a direct command. The soldiers supporting the knights' encirclement split to the right and left. They split apart to open the way for him. Then the next layer was divided. The layered encirclement divided like Moses' miracle.

Andre's unstoppable charge streaked past the soldiers. Now the final encirclement formed by the knights was at hand. Andre's horse gradually accelerated until it was like a meteor. The knights opened the way.

Now there was only a single circle left. Beyond it was Crockta. There were no brakes on a charging horse. He only headed forward and the knights moved out of his way. He bent his body further. As the horseshoes hit the ground, he entered the world beyond. The world compressed and the space was thrust aside. He penetrated straight towards his goal.

The lance was already aiming straight at the enemy's heart. Crockta's body appeared in front of him. Andre grinned. His mouth curved as he anticipated the collision that would soon occur. Adrenaline reached its peak and his arms tingled as they welcomed the collision. His body was pushing towards a thrilling impact.

Crockta's body became a blur. But Andre didn't stop.

Kwaang!

One.

Kwa kwang!

Two.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

He struck more than three people. The bodies of the knights caught in his first clash

flew to the side. His charge continued without any brakes. He crushed the knights and infantry. The knights' and soldiers' ranks were broken. Andre explosively pushed through towards the rear of the army.

The shattering assault of one person! The imperial army was breached. There were only dead bodies left in his wake. The encirclement around Crockta was cut off.

Andre's final target was Rommel, who was commanding the army in the rear. Andre's white horse accelerated. Their faces were confused. Andre tightened his grip on his lance.

Kwaaaang!

One person turned into white particles. It wasn't Rommel. His charge missed. Keynes and the Heaven and Earth members beside Rommel used magic and their bodies to protect him. Andre looked around. Rommel and his entourage escaped into the army.

He gradually slowed down.

"Too bad."

It wasn't enough to kill Rommel. He turned his horse around and looked at his work. The imperial army was still struggling to recover. Smoke seemed to drift up from the ground in the wake of his charge.

Andre raised his lance and celebrated, "Kuahahat."

He met Crockta's eyes.

"Brat, your face is surprised," muttered Andre as he lowered his lance.

He was already aware that Crockta was his disciple, Jung Ian. It had been a long time since the character, 'Crockta', started to be famous. It was in the first duel video against the user hunters that Baek Hanho was able to find Ian's old habit in Crockta.

The index finger.

Ian didn't even know it himself. After returning to South Korea, Ian would always twitch his index finger whenever he entered the confrontation phase of a spar. Maybe he saw the image of a trigger. Either way, it was a habit gained from the battlefield.

Crockta moved his index finger slightly in the video, twitching it whenever he wielded his greatsword. His body was bigger, and his face was heinous, but his stance and moves were distinctive and the same.

How could he not know? Baek Hanho had taught his student ever since Ian was a child, after all. He knew all of Ian's moves. Baek Hanho was convinced that Crockta was Ian after seeing the orc's attitude. The testimony from Ian's little sister, Yiyu, which stated that he was playing Elder Lord, added to this.

Therefore, he pretended not to know and tried to cause a dispute with his disciple in the game; however, the situation became like this. Unfortunately, he missed. The scale of this battle was suitable for Baek Hanho's disciple.

"Now, let's go back."

The white horse started running again. This horse wasn't just a horse. This white horse was Andre's greatest treasure. It didn't matter even if the legendary red hare appeared at the end of a quest. This was a horse with dragon's blood.

"Let's go, back."

Andre started to circle the imperial army's formation, trying to cut them from the sides. The soldiers were terrified. They had already experienced this with Crockta, so fear took over.

Inside was Crockta. Outside was Andre.

The empire's army fell into confusion at the hands of only two enemies. Andre got into the proper position and started to charge again. Crockta also raised his greatsword.

The hammer flew towards the anvil.



Crockta laughed.

He had been conscious that White Knight Andre was Baek Hanho, but his teacher already knew that Crockta was Ian. The mentor and disciple met in the game during a one-sided battle, but the world wouldn't know this.

Crockta raised his greatsword. The imperial forces were recovering from what Andre had done. Still, there were too many enemies. However, the burden had divided by half. This was enough.

Andre started charging again. Crockta wielded the greatsword in response to Andre. The new blood transformed the stagnant battlefield. The imperial troops were dying. Blood fell to the ground. The knights were pushed back by Crockta's fierce attacks. However, Rommel was skilled.

He had lost his composure from Andre's sudden attack, but he immediately resumed command and tightened the circle of knights. Then he created formations on the outside to keep Andre in check. It was solid on the inside and outside.

Andre couldn't repeat his exciting dash across the entire army like he did before. The soldiers were easy but he needed to be careful of the knights on horses.

A struggle of life and death followed.

Crockta had to deal with Adandator, Betring, and Bluno at the same time. The three of them stabbed at Crockta's gaps. Crockta moved back and forth between the Pinnacle and Hero realms to deal with the enemies.

He was expanding his limits by the extreme crossing back and forth of realms. He used the Pinnacle in a necessary moment to defeat the enemies. Then he manipulated causality to reverse a dangerous moment. The enemies continued to suffer damage because they couldn't resist Crockta's greatsword.

Adandator gritted his teeth. The wounds Crockta dealt caused blood to flow from his mouth. He spat out some of the teeth that hadn't fallen yet. A strong fighting desire filled him.

"I will deal with Crockta. Stop the other one."

His pronunciation was ruined but the knights nodded calmly. Adandator immediately reached the Hero realm. He pulled out all his strength. The tentacles that violated the laws of the world stretched out from him. That energy shot towards Crockta.

Crockta sensed it and his face hardened. Adandator's power burst forward. Crockta smiled while grasping his greatsword.

“Do you like soup? Won’t you have to eat it for the rest of your life?”

“You scum!”

Adandator plunged forward. Crockta also entered the Hero realm. Both swords hit each other. At the same time, the strands of causality wove together. Offense and offense, both sides were offset. It was a chaotic fight where it was difficult to tell where things were reversed.

Crockta didn’t lose his concentration and persistently pursued Adandator with his greatsword. Adandator’s leg was hit. He lost his balance and fell. However, the other knights immediately attacked Crockta from behind.

Crockta ignored them and his greatsword descended. Adandator tried to avoid it but his greatsword was quick. Crockta’s shoulders and thighs would be hit, while he would pierce Adandator’s heart.

“.....!”

However, causality reversed. Their powers tweaked their attacks. Instead of his shoulders and thighs, his back was cut. Ogre Slayer stabbed Adandator’s shoulder instead of his heart.

“Ugh.”

“Aaack!”

Adandator struggled. Crockta received some damage, but the wound he inflicted meant that Adandator was out of the battle. He was satisfied at this and stepped back. The knights picked up Adandator. Crockta turned and looked for Betring and Bluno.

They couldn’t be seen. He hurriedly turned his head. They were heading away from Crockta towards Andre. Andre’s assault was fearsome but it would be tough if he went against both of them. The repeated assaults meant the he and his horse were injured all over. Now he was tired. It was hard to maintain the same explosive assault. In the near future, Andre would be caught up in the imperial army and the situation would worsen again.

Crockta raised his greatsword and tried to break through the knights. However, the encirclement was solid. Using the power of transcendence, four or five knights were

beheaded in unison. Their heads flew through the air.

Despite the fearsome sight, the knights remained calm.

Crockta looked up and saw Rommel watching the battlefield from far away. This was the amazing ability of the War Maestro class. His strength bound this army together. Thanks to Rommel's power, the knights forgot their fear and countered Crockta.

"Kulkulkul."

He knew. It was impossible to deal with these troops alone. But it didn't matter. He held his greatsword. The enemies stepped back.

Crockta grinned. "Did you hear what I said?"

He remembered the face of the gray god, who was watching him. His assimilation rate was now 100%, so dying in Elder Lord would be the same as dying on Earth. Despite the grim, desperate situation, Crockta still felt joy.

He was just doing what he had to, with the world pushing at his back.

"Come."

The knights rushed in an organized manner. Crockta broke them down one by one. Death and death mixed together. Crockta yelled towards his enemies.

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrr————!"

He was a warrior and survival wasn't enough. He recalled the ceremony on the day he received the name Crockta.

Honor. As a glorious warrior, he would use the blade of honor against death.

"Come————!"

The enemies burst forward. Crockta's body was wounded. The blades of the enemies were stabbed in his thighs and back. He cut their necks in return. He pulled the weapons out of his body. Blood poured from the split skin.

He didn't care. He could see Andre surrounded by knights. The horse had already

disappeared. It was dead or gone. He was struggling against Betring and Bluno.

Andre met Crockta's eyes.

'Hey, Kid.'

He remembered the first time he met Baek Hanho.

'Are you fighting?'

At the time, Baek Hanho was young. He asked Ian point-blank, while Ian thought he was a neighborhood gangster.

It was a memory now. However, there was no point thinking about old enemies.

He was Crockta. An orc and warrior.

"Andre———!"

Crockta called his name loudly. Andre looked at him. He was on the brink of being pushed back by Betring.

Crockta yelled with a smile.

"Ugly———!"

Andre's eyes widened at the words then he started laughing. He found some strength and counterattacked. Their swords met. Betring retreated.

"You're good———!"

Andre responded by kicking Betring.

Crockta started laughing. He killed and killed, as more enemies kept coming. He pushed forward but the situation didn't change much. There seemed to be no end. His greatsword dragged on the ground as he moved forward.

Now was the time to think. He was in the midst of reminiscing about his sister, the balance of his account and Cafe Reason when...

“.....?”

A strange sound was heard from far away. Crockta and the troops looked around and saw a man. It didn't matter if that was his true movement speed or if he used a speed enhancement spell—he was still taking to the air like a madman.

Crockta gulped as he saw the man.

The man's voice gradually grew closer.

“Aigoo! I beg your pardon! I was proud of my body in the old days, although you probably can't guess or imagine it! Kukakakat! When you go to hell, will you let the beautiful demon take hold of you...? Huhuhu, isn't this a basic masterpiece for a hero? No! You really are! What a series of surprises. Listen to my shoulders shaking! Shake shake! How long are you going to make my shoulders dance? Kukakakakakak!”

CHAPTER 173

ENCIRCLEMENT BATTLE (4)

He laughed with his eyes closed. Everyone was staring at him.

The man coughed.

“Cough! Kuk. There are people eavesdropping.” Then he straightened and spoke to the army in front of him. “Do you know?”

He spread open his arms. At that moment, a dark aura exuded from his body. His eyes were wicked. The darkness started to cover up his normal appearance.

“The scent of a man becomes deeper and deeper over time...”

The one who controlled the body started to assert himself. The great evil that was invited encroached at the body. His eyes became like a beast. His gait started to flow strangely. He stood in front of the imperial forces.

He smiled, “My contractor says that people are like wine.”

“.....!”

A soldier who met the man’s eyes dropped his weapon. His strength fell. He could feel it instinctively. This was an existence he absolutely couldn’t contend with. A black curtain fell over his eyelids. His vision blurred.

“In that case, I...”

The sense of space inverted. The soldier didn’t notice he was being pulled down. All his senses were locked in the darkness. The man’s voice entered his ears.

“I am the vintage wine, the demon Demogorgon.”



All of a sudden, the dead rose. Cockta knew that it was the work of Iron, the person who once helped him. He had already been overtaken by the demon and attacked the soldiers with bizarre laughter.

The imperial army became confused as the dead rose again. However, that power didn't help much.

The magicians exerted their efforts to control the situation. 'Dispel Undead' were used to break down the undead. Demogorgon's power was so strong that while the undead weren't completely eliminated, they were noticeably weakened.

Furthermore, there was a bigger problem.

"The products are too finely chopped."

The corpses of those killed by Crockta and Andre weren't intact. They were so broken that they couldn't be raised again.

Demogorgon shouted, "Ignorant orc!"

"Kulkulkulkul, I'm sorry."

The imperial army soon regained their morale and hit Demogorgon. His figure was surrounded by the imperial army. An angry Demogorgon started to kill the soldiers by hand. Demogorgon swung his fists and scattered the darkness, but no matter how strong the demon was, it was hard for him to exert all his abilities.

He also entered an uphill battle.

"Kaaaat! Bring it on, humans! Keok! You bastards!"

Andre also bellowed, "I am the white knight of justice, Andre! Die!"

Crockta resumed the fight. He laughed as his blade struck the enemies. This was originally a body that should've fallen before such a huge number. But now, two assistants appeared. Both of them were equal to 100 warriors, like Crockta.

Rommel's face distorted.

“Rommel————!”

Crockta called out to him.

“Only this much————!”

Crockta stepped forward. A sound similar to an explosion occurred. A terrifying aura rose from him as he swung his greatsword at the knights.

The knights had become accustomed to Crockta’s swordsmanship so it wasn’t as easy as before. Crockta was also tired and refrained from explosive attacks like before. The wounds on his body caused him pain.

The battlefield was still disadvantageous. Adandator was in the rear. Demogorgon was on the defensive due to the difference in numbers. Crockta could feel how reckless this fight was.

He raised his strength and stared at Rommel.

The best way to win against so many enemies was to kill the leader. Furthermore, Rommel was the key since he controlled the imperial army with the power of a War Maestro. His loss would be greater than any other commander.

Crockta wielded Ogre Slayer as he figured out how to approach Rommel. However, Rommel calmly directed the troops. He built an effective formation to deal with Crockta, Andre, and Iron. Andre was blocked by Betring and Bluno, while Iron was handled by the magicians. Crockta was surrounded by the knights.

As Crockta stepped forward, the vanguard stepped back. The minor attacks consumed his stamina. Crockta’s mouth twitched. He wasn’t an easy guy. In addition, Andre was about to collapse.

Betring, Bluno and some soldiers continued to press at Andre. Andre didn’t have the same combat power as Crockta or Demogorgon. He had more power than ordinary users because of his practical abilities, but he couldn’t go beyond the limits of a user.

Crockta looked up at the sky.

Crows were flying.



Betring's attack hit Andre's wrist, causing his opponent's sword to miss. Subsequently, Bluno struck. Andre barely managed to avoid it. Andre breathed heavily as he lost his sword and looked around.

A bloody face.

He glanced at Rommel and then back at the entire battlefield. Maybe all of this would be broadcasted. He had appeared in a wonderful manner, so he needed to fight nicely until the end. He was White Knight Andre.

"Cowardly and stupid guys!" Andre cried out.

Bluno laughed and said, "Are you going to speak nonsense like the orc? Those who will die soon always speak the loudest."

Bluno's voice was rough. He received a shock from Crockta's declaration. He had great pride in being a knight of the kingdom. He believed that he was in the right.

However, he lost all confidence in front of the orc Crockta. He saw Crockta, who confronted the army alone with just faith, and compared him to the imperial army. Rather, Crockta seemed like the real knight.

Moreover, he laughed as he trampled on them. It was as if he was denying all injustices.

Bluno nodded. He rushed towards Andre along with the soldiers. The weary Andre revealed a gap. Bluno's attack didn't miss Andre. Andre tried to avoid it using acrobatic movements, but the stab wound was still deep. He fell to his knees.

"Now, say it again. What were you saying?" Andre tried to speak, but Bluno kicked his stab wound. Andre fell down. "Again..."

"Cowardly and stupid scum."

Bluno paused.

"The name of a knight is wasted on you, trash."

Bluno slowly turned around. Andre wasn't in a position to speak right now. It wasn't

him. The voice was coming from behind. Bluno and the knights discovered four people behind them.

An unknown group. They stood shoulder to shoulder with their arms posed. Bluno's face distorted as the unidentified people emerged.

It was already the third time.

"Who are you?"

"Who?" The man standing on the far left spoke. "You asked who we are."

Then the woman standing next to him spoke, "We'll give you an answer."

The next man answered, "Knights who have lost your chivalry, let our names wash away that dirt on your chest."

The man on the far right lifted his shining sword, "We are the mighty people of justice! F4!"

They were the best roleplayers who teamed up with Crockta, Iron, and the Orc Users Brotherhood at Chesswood. The F4 had appeared again.

Bob, who had the role of a warrior, raised his shining sword as he watched the soldiers in front of him. He had been waiting for this. They traveled the world of Elder Lord after Chesswood, but couldn't feel the thrill of that time again. This was the real stage they wanted.

He wanted to get a haste scroll and join quickly, but he wasn't sure. So he tried to observe the situation. Crockta didn't disappoint him. He wasn't a roleplayer like them. He was a real warrior. Bob was thrilled as he saw what Crockta said on the screen. That wasn't all. He could feel that the whole world was thrilled by Crockta's words.

'A warrior doesn't forsake faith.'

When did he see those fighting for faith?

'A warrior doesn't persecute the weak.'

Who would risk their life for the weak?

‘A warrior doesn’t attack unarmed people.’

It was a world where people would stab each other in the back if they saw a gap.

‘A warrior doesn’t yield to injustice.’

Life was a process of being accustomed to injustice.

‘A warrior doesn’t shame the gods.’

He looked godly as he spoke.

‘A warrior pays back any favor or disservice.’

Was that really an orc over there?

‘A warrior protects the powerless.’

He really put his life on the line for this.

As a warrior, Bob was ashamed of himself. This orc wasn’t a user with an extra life like them; if he died, then it was the end. Nevertheless, he faced the great army alone without any hesitation. Yet they were worried about being hurt, despite being users.

Bob immediately called his friends to come here. They tore the haste scroll and rode horses to this place. In the end, they were able to arrive in time. They discovered Crockta and two men facing countless enemies.

Now it was time for F4 to make their mark here.

“Knights, listen carefully.”

It might not be as strong as Crockta’s, but they had their own beliefs. Bob wielded the shining knife.

“My sword X-Geiger is in pain...!”

Joseph, standing beside him, hit his back.

“Cough!”

He grabbed Bob's head. Then he whispered.

"Hey, this will be shown all around the world."

"Don't do it."

"This is the main point!"

"Let's just go to fight."

Bluno looked at them and shouted, "What are you doing?"

The situation continued to twist and more strange guys appeared, so Bluno became angry.

Bob responded by effortlessly moving the sword.

"Anyway, we are the mighty people who came to help Crockta!"

"We will protect Espada's freedom from the empire!"

"In the name of justice!"

Bluno was outraged. Crockta, the white knight and the unknown necromancer, these three were obviously powerful. But it was unacceptable for this group to ridicule them.

"I will kill you."

"Kill him!"

Bluno started running towards the F4. The fireballs, created by the magician Joseph, flew towards them. The blades crossed.



Demogorgon was angry. It was difficult to use his power because there were no proper corpses, and this physical body was limited. It was like ants were crawling on his body, but his limbs were tied up so he couldn't squash them.

“Trivial humans!”

Demogorgon gathered the darkness and turned it towards the knights. Their bodies were broken. The voice of his contractor rang in his head.

‘Demogorgon! Fighting! You are also manly when punching! The movement of your center of gravity is excellent! Kukakak!’

Well. This was true. He was well versed in war tactics. Demogorgon felt better as his contractor praised it from the objective of a third party.

“Huhuhu, humans... you can’t win against me.”

The imperial army calmly circled around Demogorgon, despite his force. They were well-trained soldiers. He determined that the man in the distance was commanding all of this. A great guy for a human. He controlled the soldiers like they were his own limbs.

Demogorgon had gone through many fights in hell so he had a dim foreboding. It would become difficult to fight. If reinforcements came...

At that moment.

“.....?”

A dust cloud could be seen from far away.

Reinforcements.

He stopped fighting and turned his head at the thought of more enemies being added to the imperial army. A crowd was coming. They were a unit of humans. It was lacking compared to the imperial army, but it was still quite a large number.

They stood before the imperial forces. They formed a systematic formation against the imperial army. Then they slowly approached. Three people stood at the forefront. One of them pointed to Rommel and the army before saying.

“Hey, people from the empire.” The man spread open his arms. “Whatever evil you have done, I know that you aren’t really bad guys.”

“.....!”

The man pulled out a coin. He threw it towards them and said.

“Now is the time of rehabilitation.”

It was the Rehabilitation Brothers.

“Rehabilitation!”

“Rehabilitation!”

“Kaeeeeeng!”

The Rehabilitation Brothers shouted.

Demogorgon burst out laughing. “They are funny humans! Kukakakakat!”



Rommel frowned as he witnessed the battle. The situation continued to be reversed. Crockta, Andre, and Iron weren't easy to stop, and more strange people kept appearing.

“Rommel. The situation...”

“It is still okay. Crockta is tired. In the end, we...”

There was still room.

“Over there!”

A member of Heaven and Earth shouted. Rommel and Keynes hurriedly turned their heads. On the other side of the Rehabilitation Brothers, a group with red headbands appeared. They were all holding blades and looked like bandits. Yes, that was the crazy Red Headbands group.

The number of variables kept increasing.

Rommel frowned. Yes, it was still okay. It would be hard but they could still win. Apart

from Crockta alone, there was Andre, Iron, F4, the Rehabilitation Brothers and the Red Headbands. The power had increased tremendously but the empire still had the advantage.

Except for Crockta, Andre, and Iron, the rest weren't that strong and there were still many imperial troops. Regular users couldn't match up against well-trained ones. But the bad news kept flying.

A member of the Heaven and Earth clan came running up to him.

"Rommel! The 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members are coming!"

"Those dog like scum..." Rommel cursed. They weren't a proper clan or social club, they were just a fanclub. It was like disregarding the entire Heaven and Earth Clan.

The formations broke. The strange guys surrounded the knights around Crockta. He watched the battlefield with the power of the War Maestro. It was still okay.

Keynes opened his mouth, "Rommel. If we..."

"No. We still have the advantage. The knights are still going strong. It is good that we can take care of them all at once..."

At that moment.

Dudududududu.

The ground started to shake.

Dudududududu.

The eyes of both the imperial forces and Crockta's forces focused on one side. Who was going to appear next? A black group was running like crazy towards them.

The distance narrowed.

Dududududududududu!

CHAPTER 174

ENCIRCLEMENT BATTLE (5)

Their appearance became clear.

Fierce eyes. Burly shoulders. Enormous pressure coming from them. A crazy speed.

“What is that?”

“This...”

The eyes of the former Thawing Balhae members shook as they remembered Chesswood. They saw lunatics called Iron and the F4 there, but they weren't the most fearful ones. The cult of Elder Lord, the ones who were proud of walking on a path no one else took. Those who weren't human, who enjoyed suffering and adversity!

“The Orc Users Brotherhood.”

“What?”

Dudududududu!

The Orc Users Brotherhood made a wedge formation and rushed towards the imperial forces. There were the Rehabilitation Brothers, He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy and Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords but they gradually established their own formations.

However, the Orc Users Brotherhood was different. They plunged into the imperial army without hesitation, with their speed doubled by haste magic.

They roared, “Kuwaaaaaah! Bul'tarrrr!”

“Bul'tarrrr!”

“We are the orc users!”

“Orc users————!”

The first collision.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

As the leading orcs and imperial troops hit each other, soldiers flew back from the collision. It was due to the fearsome power of the orcs' assault. They broke the outskirts of the imperial army and poured forward like a wave.

The entire imperial army was pushed back.

The orc in the lead shook his staff.

"We are!"

"Orc!"

"Users——!"

"Users!"

Breathing as one! They stampeded into the imperial troops. The outer layer was hard while the inner layer was soft, so once they broke down the outer perimeter, they could knock down the insides.

"Charge!"

Some of the orcs in the lead were so talented that they even overwhelmed the knights. A new wave started to emerge on the stagnant battlefield.

Maguchwi furiously wielded his frost staff. A knight attacked but his sword was thrown back. Maguchwi didn't miss this gap, kicking the knight's abdomen before waving his staff. Lightning emerged from the staff and struck the knight's body, turning it into black ash.

A fearsome magician who was just as reliable as a warrior.

"Kuwakta!"

"Yes!"

“Mukat!”

“Bul’tar!”

The two orcs he called approached him. There were only three of them, but their shoulders were so wide it was like several adult men were placed side by side.

“Charge!”

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

They once again assaulted the enemy. The orc warriors who lined up with him trampled over the empire like a bulldozer. Along the way, they picked up more orcs.

“Die humans!”

“Keuak!”

Careless knights were destroyed by lightning strikes. One person was observing the battlefield. He had been determined to die; however, he wasn’t the only one. Unexpected allies had arrived. Crockta was thrilled to see the Orc Users Brotherhood. He was hyped up.

Maguchwi raised his staff.

“Buuuuuuul————!”

The orc users simultaneously lifted their weapons.

“Tarr————!”

The orc users roared simultaneously. Blood burst from the imperial troops in close proximity to them. Once the orc users joined, the whole atmosphere of the battlefield reversed. The imperial army shrank back from their excited fighting and their morale fell.

The orc users cried out along with Maguchwi, “Come along! Go to the end!”

“Ma Brother! You’re going too deep!” (Short form for Maguchwi)

“It doesn’t matter! We have to go there!”

Maguchwi pointed to the center of the battlefield. The orc user who warned him of the danger nodded and said, “Then we have to go.”

“Ma Brother’s words are true, so it can’t be helped.”

“Let’s give it a try.”

“Kuhahahaha! Let’s go!”

Maguchwi was pointing towards where Crockta was surrounded by knights. Every time Crockta’s greatsword flashed, the knights would fall. The appearance of a true orc warrior...

“Let’s fight shoulder to shoulder with Crock Brother!”

The symbol of the orcs who mass-produced many orc users, the hero Crockta! They were given a chance to fight with him.

Maguchwi lifted his staff again.

“Brothers!”

The orc users responded at once.

“Uh!”

“Are you ready to die———!”

“Uh!”

“Ready to kill———!”

“Uh!”

“Let’s go! Bul’tarrrrrrrrrr———!”

“Bul’tar———!”

The orcs ran at the enemies again. They got caught up in the imperial army. The brute force orc users pushed at the imperial army with their momentum. It was the moment when the unique tastes of the orc users were known all over the world.

“Bul’tar!”

Every time ‘bul’tar’ was called out, a soldier would die. Lightning flashed from Maguchwi’s staff. Now the situation was reversed.

The imperial army became weak.



Crockta grinned. At first, he confronted the army alone. But not anymore. Crockta, Andre, Iron, F4, Rehabilitation Brothers, Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords, He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy and the Orc Users Brotherhood.

Everyone showed up.

It was the moment he was rewarded for the path he walked. All of those affected directly or indirectly had gathered to fight against the imperial army. They were all users who sincerely enjoyed Elder Lord.

The imperial army still had the advantage in numbers, but they gradually lose their morale and were pushed back. It was the anti-empire army that was dominating.

“Huk, huk.”

Crockta breathed out wearily. As the fighting continued, the two sides became tangled together in an uncontrollable melee. Crockta slashed at the enemies without any rest. Once reinforcements arrived, the attention of the enemies was dispersed, creating a chance for Crockta.

The number of people he killed today had already gone over three digits. He cut and stabbed, decreasing the number of enemies every time. The knights and soldiers couldn’t survive under his blade.

“Bul’tarrrrrrrrrrr———!”

He shouted again and wielded Ogre Slayer. The enemies fell down.

“.....!”

And beyond that...

There were friends instead of enemies. The Orc Users Brotherhood and Maguchwi. They rushed through the enemies and met each other. It was the first time meeting since Chesswood, but they felt familiar to each other, like well-known friends.

There was no need to say thank you or ask for anything in return.

“Brothers.”

“Brothers!”

They exchanged glances and their fists met. It was enough. This was the middle of the battlefield and there were still a lot of people to kill.

Crockta turned his eyes towards Rommel. His goal was three people. Rommel, Keynes and the ‘traitor’ Grom, no Luin. They were together. They were devastated by how the fight had gone beyond predictions and lost their concentration in battle.

“Brother.”

Crockta said to Maguchwi. He grinned and nodded.

Crockta and Maguchwi. The strongest warrior and shaman among the orc users. They headed for the Heaven and Earth Clan together. An aura emerged from Maguchwi’s staff and their appearances became blurred. They approached the boundary around Rommel carefully.

Now it was time to end this unfortunate relationship. A sufficient distance was secured. The Heaven and Earth members were escorting Rommel and Keynes, but they were just like sheep in Crockta’s eyes.

“I’m going.”

“Be careful.”

Maguchwi’s magic flowed towards Crockta. It was the first time in ages that he felt the magic of an orc shaman. His whole body was filled with vitality as energy boiled up. It

felt like he could kill anyone in front of him. His tattoos burned as Crockta pushed towards the enemy.

Lenox's revenge.

This fighting spirit was carried on in Ogre Slayer. He plunged towards them and yelled.

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!"

They were shocked at Crockta's sudden appearance. However, his sword was faster than them. Crockta's greatsword tore at them. White particles scattered like snow.

Kwajjik!

Lightning rippled on Ogre Slayer's blade. It was Maguchwi's magic. The enemy resisted, but those who blocked his sword were shocked by lightning and weren't able to last long. They turned into white particles.

Rommel and Keynes turned to try and flee. Crockta didn't miss them.

"Where are you going?" He ran like crazy and reached out his hand. He managed to grab a horse.

"Ugh!"

His shoulders felt like they would pop from the force of the horse running. But he used all his strength and pulled the horse to a stop. The horse jumped because it was terrified of Crockta.

"Romeeeeeeeel————!"

Crockta shouted and stabbed his sword into the horse's side.

"Hihihing!"

The horse fell down. Rommel, who was riding the horse, rolled around on the ground. Crockta crossed the horse and approached Rommel.

"Stop!"

“Protect Rommel!”

The Heaven and Earth members rushed towards Crockta. Crockta grabbed Rommel’s neck while wielded his greatsword at the same time. The clan members were blown away in a burst of blood. The rest of them didn’t dare attack.

“I finally caught you.”

‘War Maestro’ Rommel was in his hands. Rommel was looking at him with calm eyes, despite being caught.

“How do you feel?”

Rommel chuckled slightly, “You’re ugly.”

“This bastard.”

Crockta laughed. Then he punched Rommel’s face. Rommel’s face was destroyed. His teeth fell out and his nose was broken. He fell forward and couldn’t breathe properly.

Then Crockta threw him towards Maguchwi. Maguchwi wielded his staff. Magic power emerged and began to capture Rommel’s body.

“.....!”

It was a temporary Concrete method using magic. Crockta nodded and started to chase Keynes and Luin. They abandoned Rommel and were leaving the battlefield with the Heaven and Earth members.

Crockta ran like crazy. His thighs swelled as he accelerated.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The ground shook and dust rose up as he ran.

“Keynessssssssssss———!”

Crockta’s mad rush caused the terrified horses to run faster.

“Don’t forget the orcs———!”

Crockta kicked off the ground and jumped forward. He entered the Pinnacle and accelerated his body to the extreme. He could see the shocked Keynes looking at him. He gradually grew closer. Crockta stretched out and grabbed his body.

“Crazy!”

Crockta fell from the sky and captured Keynes. Crockta tilted his body and they tangled together. Then they rolled across the ground. The horse’s hooves trampled on both of them.

“Cough...”

Keynes coughed up blood. His body wasn’t in a normal state due to being trampled on by the horse.

“Ku... heok?”

The moment he opened his eyes, he saw the grim face of an orc staring at him. His whole body was bloody but he was watching Keynes with burning eyes.

He smiled, “Do you remember Lenox?”

Crockta grabbed Keynes’ neck and lifted him. As soon as Keynes was caught, the Heaven and Earth Clan stopped from confusion. Both of their leaders had been captured.

“You guys... oof!”

Keynes tried to speak but Crockta blocked his mouth. Then he hit Keynes’ stomach with his fist. Keynes was stunned and became silent.

Now it was Luin’s turn. Luin was shaking among the Heaven and Earth members. The appearance of Grom was superimposed over him. He tried to become a warrior under Lenox and the orc warriors. He was terrified and timid, but believed he could become a great warrior. But he betrayed them. The great warriors died.

He had to pay the price. Luin knew it the moment Crockta called out his name.

At that moment.

Kuaaaaaaang!

A huge impact hit Crockta's body.

The sky and the ground were reversed. Crockta tried to calculate the situation but his head was in shock as he struck the ground. The earth and sky rotated a few times. His body rolled across the ground.

"Cough..."

He tried to get up but his body wouldn't move. Maguchwi was running. Crockta raised his eyes. Through his blurred vision, he could see the Heaven and Earth members carrying Keynes away.

"Those bastards..."

"Relax, Brother. It is dangerous!"

Maguchwi used healing magic. But it wasn't enough to recover from the shock. It was a huge shock. Crockta gritted his teeth. However, he couldn't move his body. It felt like his whole body was broken.

"Reinforcements came. There seems to be a great magician."

As Maguchwi said, the flag of the imperial army was visible on the horizon. They had already rescued Keynes' group, and turned away like they had no intention of intervening in the remaining battle.

The empire's reinforcements went away.



Crockta barely managed to raise his body. The battle was their victory. The imperial troops surrendered their weapons. His allies were giving victory cheers.

Crockta was happy but he wasn't satisfied.

"Shit..."

He formed fists. He couldn't miss them. He had barely caught them. But the magic

shock was still shooting through his body. It made fighting any further difficult.

“Rommel?”

“There.”

Rommel was looking at him silently while still bound by Maguchwi’s magic. His handsome face was a mess. He pointed his fingers towards his mouth. It was a sign to release the magic around his mouth.

Maguchwi looked at Crockta. He shrugged.

“He can escape if he bites his tongue. Do you still want to listen?” Maguchwi asked.

“Please.”

Anyway, those guys had escaped. Rommel wasn’t his true enemy. Crockta looked at Rommel. His treatment would vary depending on his words. No, Crockta would ensure that Rommel never returned to Elder Lord forever.

But Rommel’s first words were unexpected, “I’ll help you with your revenge.”

“What?”

“I will help you end those people.”

He immediately made a tempting offer to Crockta. Truly a smart guy.

Crockta asked again, “How?”

Rommel gave a slightly different answer to what Crockta expected.

“Completely.”

CHAPTER 175

OLYMPUS

The battle ended with the resistance's victory.

The empire failed to win the south, which caused the region to be divided into different areas: the empire's territory and the Free Cities Coalition, including Espada.

The emperor remained silent.



The incident triggered a huge storm in the real world.

The fight between Crockta and the imperial army became a hot topic, with the ratings record being broken every day. The videos were replayed during the day and night as they replaced Youvids' top hits.

In the meantime, Laney, the famous youvidser, released a new video from secretly tracking Crockta. This time, it was a record of his struggles in the south. Laney's name was once again stamped onto the minds of the people.

Thanks to her, people found out the specific details of what happened. These were the contents:

After conquering the north, Crockta returned to the continent and headed south. He fought bandits and accidentally met a knight of Alaste. Vigo's earnest persuasion moved his heart and Crockta's group headed to Alaste.

As a city known for its liveliness, Alaste gave him a warm welcome. Crockta became friends with the bright and cheerful Alaste people, accepting the request to duel the empire. Crockta fought against the genius of the empire, Adandator, and eventually won.

Alaste maintained its independence. Crockta became Alaste's savior and there was a feast to rejoice in the victory.

He left Alaste with blessings and farewells. It seemed like a happy ending.

However, the news exploded. After they left for the resort town, the empire broke its promise and destroyed Alaste. It was a tragedy. Crockta was saddened. The empire wanted the entire south to submit, not just Alaste. They invaded cities and captured the people, making them soldiers or serfs for the empire. The entire south moaned.

Crockta stood up for Alaste's revenge, facing the wicked empire and his own enemies, the Heaven and Earth Clan.

The slaughter began. He was constantly wielding his sword to save villages, residents, and cities, but he couldn't do enough alone. In the end, most of the south was incorporated into the empire. Crockta left to join Espada's resistance.

A frantic struggle followed. Along the way, Crockta fought alone until he lost all his comrades. His attempts, while ignoring the risk to his own life, moved the hearts of the viewers. The viewers only watched the heavily edited videos of the Heaven and Earth Clan, but through Laney, they were able to see the war from Crockta's viewpoint.

Then there was a video of Crockta's 'final battle.'

Laney didn't illuminate Crockta alone from the viewpoint of the army. Rather, she should the overwhelming number of troops that Crockta faced from his side. It was a great army that no one dared face alone.

In front of them, Crockta emphasized his beliefs and raised the greatsword. It was an incomprehensible sight and no one could imagine victory.

But he wasn't alone. The work he did, the path he took, his accomplishments had turned people into his allies.

First of all, Andre appeared. They thought he would attack Crockta, but he broke through the imperial army. People were enthusiastic. It was followed by the 'wine maniac' Iron and the role playing group, F4.

Then there were those reborn again due to Crockta, the 'Rehabilitation Brothers. After that was Kenzo and the 'Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords' group, wearing red headbands. In addition, Crockta's fanclub 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.'

Finally, the 'Orc Users Brotherhood' appeared, like a scene from a movie. The battle

became skewed and they eventually won. If Crockta only emphasized the Marxist beliefs, he would've been scattered as a handful of ashes in this battle. But he practiced his own faith and the reckless fight resulted in his victory.

Once the edited video that showed Crockta's struggle was released, his fanclub numbers soared. Now there was no one who didn't know Crockta's name. Crockta wasn't an already dead hero or a media star. He was a living hero who personally proved his path to other people.

They all praised Crockta.

Opinions differed on how the situation would change in the future. The Elder Lord community was hotter than ever. The imperial army retreated and Rommel was captured. When looking back on Crockta's actions, Rommel had probably received the Concrete method. Without Rommel, the Heaven and Earth Clan couldn't exert the same power.

The users looked forward to what the empire and Heaven and Earth Clan would do in the future. But the situation went in an unexpected direction.



"Ah, Crockta."

"It is Tiyo!"

"Kyah, so cute!"

"Can I have a signature?"

"NPCs don't know about signatures, fool."

"Crockta looks really scary."

The users started to flock to Espada. The number of users in the south was reduced after the empire started their military domination, but as Crockta's popularity peaked, more and more people came to see him.

"It is embarrassing."

“Because of my popularity... I’m sorry *dot*. Kahahat.”

Tiyo laughed in a pleased manner. As Crockta’s tracks were followed, the cute gnome Tiyo and beautiful dark elf Anor were noticed. Inside Crockta’s fan club community, ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’, there was a small part set aside for Tiyo and Anor.

Every time they moved, the users’ attention was focused on them.

“I would be several times more popular if my performance was shown. I missed the opportunity because Crockta acted alone *dot*!”

“Kulkulkul. I’m sorry.”

The residents of Katalu were initially confused as they suddenly received the news that Crockta repelled the imperial army, then they cheered. Tiyo and Anor were a bit upset about him leaving silently, but the result was good and everyone was rejoicing.

The empire showed no reaction yet. Due to this, the people of Katalu weren’t completely satisfied. It was an uneasy peace. Still, the mood of the city was much brighter than before. Tiyo waved his hand towards the female fans.

“Is that guy doing well *dot*?”

“It is enough that he feels bad.”

“Hrmm. I’m curious *dot*.”

They were heading to the prison facility in Katalu’s militia barrack. There was a person in custody who had decided to help them.

“Crockta! You’ve come?”

“I am alive. Thank you.”

“It is an honor!”

After finishing the war with the empire, Crockta received the respect of the Katalu militia. He fought directly on the front lines, so the residents’ awe towards Crockta increased by several times.

“He is having lunch. Do you want to see him?”

“Of course.”

Crockta headed to the prison in the basement.

Rommel was there. He was sitting at a table inside the prison and eating lunch. He was imprisoned but it was just a gimmick. He wasn't even wearing shackles. Officially, he had received the Concrete method in Katalu's prison. And unofficially...

“You were right.”

Rommel nodded. He tried to negotiate with Crockta by telling him how to end Keynes and Luin.

It was all true. When he said ‘completely’, it wasn't a bluff. Keynes and Luin were completely finished.

Crockta touched his chin and said skeptically, “I don't know about those who have been cursed by the stars but...”

First of all, he kept up the pretense. Pretending to be an NPC was getting harder. However, Crockta's name was so well-known then it would be annoying if he exposed himself. Tiyo and Anor, as well as his teacher Andre, were the only ones who knew he was cursed by the stars.

Crockta continued speaking, “According to Edgar, they have disappeared from the ‘Abyss of Stars.’ He confirmed it with Robina. They also picked up the circumstances you described.”

“It is all true. As your friends from the Rehabilitation Brothers said, they will disappear forever from this world.”

Edgar. The head of the Heaven and Earth branch in Maillard.

He was originally part of the Rehabilitation Brothers and joined Heaven and Earth after breaking up with Robina. A man who decided to accept Crockta as his brother after drinking together in Maillard.

He knew Crockta's identity and betrayed him, but Crockta didn't hate him. He ended

the connection by killing himself and warned Crockta to watch out for the Heaven and Earth Clan. At that time, he refused to make any excuses to Crockta.

“We have strict rules in the ‘Abyss of Stars.’ They have committed a serious crime.” Rommel explained.

Crockta had heard about the Elder Lord doping from Ji Hayeon.

The Heaven and Earth Clan was doing it.

They put drugs into people, turning them semi-comatose and then connected them to Elder Lord through illegally modified capsules. The victims were injected with nutrients and forced to play Elder Lord.

They were able to maintain a high rate of assimilation due to the effect of the drugs. Because they couldn’t terminate their connection, they worked endlessly in Elder Lord. The Heaven and Earth Clan made them subservient in such a way. Then the clan grew quickly due to the high assimilation rate of the clan members.

Keynes and Luin did this secretly so Rommel hadn’t known about it. However, Rommel had guessed and was convinced about the situation by Edgar not long ago.

This was their weakness, Rommel explained.

“.....”

Crockta heard about their atrocities and evaluated them again. They weren’t clever game players. They were real garbage. Rommel misunderstood the strange expression Crockta was making and added.

“You don’t have to be disappointed about them being eliminated so easily. The punishment from the ‘Abyss of Stars’ is more painful than anything you can do to them.”

“I see.”

“They will lose everything.” Rommel said while calmly drinking his tea.

It was like he said. It was the punishment from reality, not Elder Lord. They would be put in prison and have their assets confiscated.

“Putting your old colleagues in hell, you aren’t a normal human being.”

“Huhuhu.”

Rommel laughed. When Crockta asked about why Rommel changed his mind, he replied,

‘Just, I don’t want to be hurt.’

Rommel wasn’t playing Elder Lord due to the money paid to him, unlike the others in the Heaven and Earth Clan. Rommel the ‘War Maestro’, he enjoyed playing Elder Lord itself. He was in the Heaven and Earth Clan because it guaranteed him the position of commander, not because of anything else. Keynes and Luin weren’t worth more than that to him.

“It isn’t normal. I heard that a lot. But...” Rommel grinned. “Looking back now, I think I was secretly angered by what they were doing. I am also an ordinary human. They have sinned, so they should pay the price.”

Maybe this cold looking guy had sobered up when he was hit by Crockta’s punch. The moment that Crockta was going to leave the prison... Rommel called out.

“Crockta.”

“What is it?”

“You have a lot of friends. Warriors, necromancer and several humans...”

“There are a lot.”

“So...”

“So?”

Rommel hesitated for a moment and sighed. Then he opened his mouth again. “Can I also be your friend?”

Crockta’s expression became strange. He didn’t have any good feelings towards Rommel, as Rommel had destroyed Alaste and harassed the south. However, Rommel was an ordinary user who didn’t know this world was another dimension. For him,

killing people was just part of the gameplay. He just played as a villain.

Crockta's mind became complicated. Crockta asked, "Why are you saying this all of a sudden?"

"I just admire you." Rommel raised his teacup to his mouth again. However, he realized that he already drank all the tea and put down the cup. "I was once an enemy but I would like to continue to know you..."

"Pff. This sounds like a love confession *dot*." Tiyo interrupted from where he stood. "It is funny but just nonsense *dot*. You only cooperated for a short time, yet you want to be friends with Crockta after killing innocent people? Hell no."

His words were decisive. Rommel nodded. He knew that he was an unforgivable villain from the NPCs' point of view.

Tiyo added, "If you want to be friends with Crockta, you should show it in your behavior *dot*."

"Behavior..."

"People are evaluated by their actions *dot*. You can never be close friends with Crockta using meaningless words. If you really have a change of heart, you need to prove it."

Crockta nodded in agreement. Tiyo's words represented his heart.

"It is like Tiyo said."

"Look, I can tell Crockta's heart without needing any words *dot*! This degree is needed to be his friend."

Tiyo raised his shoulders. Rommel laughed.

"I see. I understand. See you next time."

Crockta and Tiyo left the prison. Rommel decided to stay here until the Heaven and Earth Clan were destroyed. It would be a while.

Crockta and Tiyo left the prison. Their work was completed.

This time, it seemed like they could travel leisurely.



There were voices.

‘It was definitely her. She showed up. Death is back.’

‘I’ll find her. i will find and stop her. Do whatever it takes.’

‘It wasn’t an error? Was she alive?’

‘We need to stop her. For the sake of the world.’

‘What does she want?’

‘The destruction of the world.’

‘The destruction of the world.’

‘The destruction of the world.’

‘How do we stop it? I can hardly see her. It is suspicious. Is it really her?’

‘That guy, the orc who conquered the north. It is him. It is obvious.’

‘Is he related?’

‘I understand. Orc! The orcs! She is going to use the orcs. This time, the orcs!’

‘It still isn’t certain. Orcs don’t believe in anyone. We can’t jump to conclusions.’

‘They are orcs. The only thing they believe in is the forgotten god. No one protects them, so she probably reached out.’

‘Really, the orcs?’

‘Orcs.’

‘Orc.’

‘Orc.’

‘Orc.’

‘The orcs.’

‘They are people we can’t manage anyway.’

‘It doesn’t matter even if they disappear.’

‘No one will trust those cheeky brats.’

“The orcs.’

‘The orcs and Crockta.’

‘Cheeky brats.’

The voices expressed their opinions.

‘No.’

‘Get rid of them, get rid of her.’

‘Protect the world.’

‘Our world.’

‘For the world.’

That day. A divine message was sent down again.

Every god whispered the same thing.



PDF by: traitorAIZEN